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No 1770

THE BYSTANDER
NOVEMBER 17, 1937

The BYSTANDER

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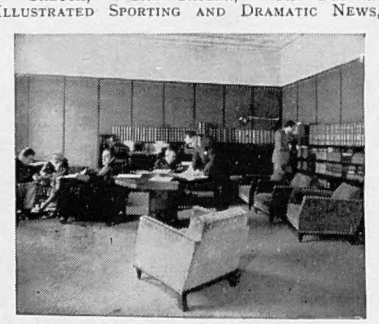

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The Bystander

Anthony

Alice Nikitina—Ballerina and Opera-Singer

Nikitina is now in Milan, where very soon she is to make her debut as an opera-singer at the Scala. For this she has been studying with Tetrazzini, but will not, as has been said, give up dancing. In fact, she is already under contract to appear in America in the dual rôle of dancer and singer. She came to London this autumn to join the de Basil company for the last weeks of their season, to dance with Lichine in his latest ballet, *Le Lion Amoureux*. Otherwise, she hadn't appeared here since 1930, when she and Lifar came from Paris for the Cochran revue of that year. Nikitina made her name with Diaghileff; and for the last four years before his death, was one of the leading dancers of his company, both in classical rôles and the modern ballets, like *Les Biches* and *La Chatte*

Pomps and Ceremonies

The King Opened a New Building

When King George opened the new building of the Royal Veterinary College, he was attended by the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. W. S. Morrison (right), and received by the Duke of Gloucester, president, and Sir Merrik Burrell, chairman. The King, who was accompanied by the Queen, later talked with the Principal about some royal shooting dogs poisoned by fungus

The Lord Mayor of London

Sir Harry Twyford looked as pleased as any man after he had scaled the city's heights to reach the peak in the golden coach. It was a fine, crisp November day for the Show, which featured tableaux of the Empire

The Duke of Marlborough was also in the Civic List

The same day that the big cities were installing their lord mayors with all the pomp of civic pride, a modest ceremony took place at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, when the local Lord of the Manor was installed at the Town Hall. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, wearing their chains of office as mayor and mayoress, were photographed afterwards, he shaking hands with the retiring mayor, Councillor Cyril Morris. The town clerk stands behind

King Boris and Queen Joanna

King Boris of Bulgaria and his Queen were two of several royal visitors to London last week. As well as attending a tea-party at the Bulgarian Legation (when this picture was taken), and a dinner-party given by Queen Mary at Marlborough House, King Boris indulged his enthusiasm for driving railway trains while here

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD was not a great man, but he was an interesting man. His political career will probably end by being the classic case, for the bewildered foreigner, of the inexplicability of British politics. He was a Socialist in the early days of Socialism, when the movement was regarded as a mild and inoffensive joke by the all-powerful capitalist parties. Then he suddenly became hated and detested for his pacifist views in 1914. Then he became hated and feared as the leader of the increasingly powerful Socialist party, and, in 1923, as the Socialist Prime Minister, and at the same time the idol and hero of the workers. From 1923 to 1931 he became more and more an object of detestation to the Haves, and an object of veneration to the Have-Nots. Then, with astounding abruptness, his rôle in political life switched round. The bankers called him Patriot, the workers Judas. Seldom, if ever in British politics, has a man's career and personality been so passionately discussed in the incandescent limelight of public opinion. It was the apex. From that moment the decline set in, until the champion of the workers was seldom seen without his morning-coat and silk hat; until the intensely sincere pacifist became a member of a Government which is rearming on a prodigious scale. It is a strange story.

ITALY'S adherence to the anti-Comintern Pact with the other two Signatories is important, for it definitely throws down the glove, not to Comintern, but to the Democracies of the world. It is not a challenge to the Soviet, but to the head-organisation of Communist propaganda outside Russia. That is to say, the Pact is not designed as a military alliance against the U.S.S.R., but as an excuse for interfering in the private affairs of any country in which Comintern may be alleged to be active. Thus the private affairs of Czechoslovakia instantly come within the possible scope of the Pact.

IT is twenty years since King Victor Emmanuel of Italy met the British and French representatives at Peschiera and persuaded them to come to the help of Italy after the rout at Caporetto and reorganise a defensive line on the Piave. The occasion is being celebrated as a "spontaneous" demonstration of affection towards the King. Not much is being said, however, about the part played by the British and the French in saving Italy in those dark days, and anti-British propaganda is still being poured out from Rome in the Near and Middle East.

THE Italian concentration of troops in Libya must surely be intended as a manœuvring point in Signor Mussolini's vast imperial projects. If that astute bluffer is really convinced that General Franco must win in Spain, it would be characteristic of him to start transferring already his forces to the other end of the Mediterranean. A threat to Egypt and to the Suez Canal and the Soudan would be the next logical step. Coupled with it, of course, would be a stirring-up of the Arabs in Palestine, Irak, and Arabia. For the establishment of Arab freedom in these three places, British lives and treasure were poured out in tremendous profusion. The Italian effort for the Arabs in 1914-1918 is less visible to the naked eye.

MR. VERNON BARTLETT, famous for years as a broadcaster on foreign affairs, and now famous as a diplomatic correspondent, has suddenly come out with alarming theories about the immediate future of Poland. He is of opinion that a Fascist coup is so nearly on the point of being staged that it may have taken place by the time this appears in print. General Smigly-Rydz, who is in power, has hitherto been opposed to the pro-German policy of Colonel Beck, his Foreign Minister, but has now, according to Mr. Bartlett,

Royal Discussions in Whitehall

The Queen was talking to Queen Mary and the Duchess of Kent after the Remembrance Day service at the Cenotaph. The royal ladies watched the ceremony as usual from a window of the Home Office, saw King George lay a wreath for the first armistice anniversary of his reign, saw the Silence broken for the first time since its institution by a rapidly quelled demonstration against "deliberate connivance at another war"

completely turned round. If Poland does go Fascist, a situation of the very gravest danger will arise at once. For Poland contains many millions of peasants who definitely incline to the Left, and they would be liable to explode against a Fascist dictatorship. A civil war in Poland would be a prelude to an armed clash between Germany and Russia.

THE news that Brazil has gone Fascist comes as a surprise to everyone who has been reading accounts of the situation there. For we all had the impression that Brazil had been ultra-Fascist for some time already. Now it appears to be official, and the machinery of democracy has been formally abolished.

THE new Monarchy party in the Irish Free State ought to have a goodish bit of fun in deciding which horse to nominate for the race. The Jacobite party in Scotland cannot make up their minds about their rightful King, and they have only a gap of a couple of hundred years to bridge. But the Irishry have a gap of about seven hundred. At the moment the O'Connor Don is favourite, but the field will soon grow.

THE unveiling of the Haig statue re-opened a dozen old controversies. Why is he riding about without a hat? Answer: he has taken it off because he is facing the Cenotaph. Then what has he done with it, and anyway, a soldier would salute the Cenotaph with his hat on. What has happened to his cloak? Answer: a wind is blowing. Then why doesn't it ruffle the horse's tail? And so on. The nag itself has come in for some nasty cracks, too. Some patriotic journals have seized the opportunity to prove that Haig was a great General. Others have weighed in to prove that he was vastly inferior to Foch, and so the old game of propaganda goes on. I fancy posterity, if there is any, will record that Haig and Foch were both much of a muchness in mediocrity.

Sir James Jeans Gives Christmas Lectures

"The Astronomical Universe" is the title of Sir James Jeans' lectures in the annual scientific series given by the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, one of the most popular features of the Christmas holidays with youthful scientists

NOT very long ago the Government announced its intention of building an aircraft factory at White Waltham, a peaceful, rural place near Maidenhead. When it was pointed out vigorously in the House of Commons that a more grotesquely unsuitable choice could not possibly be made, the Government hastily backed down and transferred the factory to Lancashire. But it was never divulged who had been responsible for the selection of White Waltham. A parallel case has now come to light. The Air Ministry is going to take three or four hundred acres of rich agricultural land at Bishop's Cleave, in Gloucestershire, for a munition depot, although another site, at Quedgeley is available with railway sidings, drainage, and electricity there already. There are none of these at Bishop's Cleave. But this time the Ministry is adamant. Colonel Muirhead, the Under Secretary for Air, will not even answer the question whether the site was chosen by the Ministry or by a firm of interested estate agents. It all looks pretty queer to me.

A SPIRITED and vigorous counter-offensive on the Vandal front is being conducted by the Marquess of Bute in Edinburgh. Lord Bute some time ago bought the whole of one of the Adam sides of Charlotte Square, and restored the houses to their original condition. He has now embarked on a most interesting experiment in the historic Canongate. Here among picturesque but insanitary squalor, is the only seventeenth-century Scottish residence in Edinburgh with a courtyard. Lord Bute has bought it, and is modernising its interior and preserving at the same time all its essential features. It may be the beginning of the reconversion of the Canongate into one of the most picturesque and historical residential quarters in Europe.

WALTER HAMMOND'S decision to become an amateur cricketer has been heralded with a good deal of ballyhoo. A party was given to the Press at the Cheshire Cheese to celebrate the occasion, and the evening posters excluded all mention of international crises in order to splash "Hammond's Decision" to the world. It is now taken for granted that he will captain England next year. I am not Lord Hawke (as many of you may have guessed by now), but I agree for once with that veteran obscurantist, only for a different reason. I do not want Mr. Hammond to captain England, because I think Mr. Robins is a better captain.

A SERIOUS crisis in the affairs of the Church of England is threatened. It has been announced that the annual cricket jamboree between the Oxfords and the Cambridges (have I got my technical terms right?) is going to begin on a Saturday this year. In consequence, the entire Anglican clergy will have to make the choice between doing a double journey to London or giving their congregations a day off on the Sunday. Opinion, I understand, is sharply divided in clerical circles. Among those congregations which my representatives have visited in search of the trend of opinion, there is a strong leaning towards a holiday.

THE forcible removal, for screen-purposes only, of course, of Mr. Robert Taylor's trousers in the preparation of *A Yank at Oxford*, must recall many celebrated occasions of this sort to old stagers. At Prince's Club, in Knightsbridge, senior members will point out to you with unholy glee the spot in the Bowling Alley where Mr. W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll was debagged shortly after the Boer War. The suggestion to put up a commemorative tablet in the Alley is, however, regarded as frivolous.

A Marriage in Mr. A. P. Herbert's Family

Miss Jocelyn Herbert is Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Herbert's twenty-year-old daughter, and she was married to Mr. Anthony Lousada at Hammersmith register office: she and her husband and parents were photographed after the wedding. In less than two months' time Mrs. Lousada's marriage contract will come under the new Matrimonial Causes Bill which her father piloted to the Statute Book last August

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Mr. C. A. Elliott, Headmaster of Eton

Claude Aurelius Elliott was born in 1888, the son of the late Sir Charles Elliott, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. He was sent to Eton, then to Trinity, Cambridge, where he rowed in the Third Trinity Boat Club (reserved for O.E.s. and Old Westminsters) and got a tutorship at Jesus College the year the war broke out. In 1915 he was in a Red Cross unit in Flanders; later he worked at the Admiralty, and continued there till 1919. Then he went back to Cambridge to lecture on constitutional history (" history in its most unexciting form ") and raise his voice in the high councils of the University. In 1933 he succeeded Dr. Cyril Alington in the post he now holds. His recreations are climbing, shooting and rowing, and two of these are reflected in two of his clubs, the Alpine and the Leander

Social Register

A WEDDING

Fayer of Vienna

Capt. Peter Sykes and Miss Lavender Christie-Miller

Captain Peter Sykes, the Queen's Bays, the eldest son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. P. Sykes, of Beckbury Hall, Shifnal, Salop, and Miss Lavender Christie-Miller, daughter of Mrs. S. R. Christie-Miller, of Clarendon Park, Salisbury, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

A FAMILY WALK IN THE PARK

Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild and Her Children

Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild, her son Evelyn, and her younger daughter Anne, walked across to the Park from their house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. She is French, and was Yvonne Cahen d'Anvers before her marriage in 1926

FIRST LONDON THOUGHTS ABOUT WINTER SPORTS

Dressing for the Snow

Miss Ethel Leverson and her niece, Miss Helen Blane, were showing new winter sports fashions. Helen Blane, an international ski-er, now designs snow clothes. Her aunt is also a fine ski-er

Talking of the Snow

Miss Pamela Ritchie and Mr. Duncan Kessler were dancing at the Florida with their minds in the mountains. He captained the Cambridge ski team last year

At a Party to Make

Lord and Lady Doverdale, St. Moritz regulars, were talking to Mr. Henry Martineau, the Cresta rider, about the Cresta Ball at the Dorchester on Dec. 9th

YOUNG - MARRIEDS

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Erikson

Mrs. Erikson was Cicely Abercromby-Dick, before her recent wedding; she is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Abercromby-Dick, of Dinard, and Swan Court, Chelsea. Her husband is Swedish, and she and he are settling in Stockholm after their honeymoon

Plans for the Cresta Ball

Mr. "Freddie" Childe was surrounded by three of the twenty-four hand-picked beauties who will sell programmes at the Cresta Ball—Miss Mollie Sullivan, Miss Angela Parker and Miss Edith Lambart

EXHIBITIONS AND PARTIES

The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark Look at Photographs

The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark went to see the photographs of Iceland taken by the Hon. Mark Watson (standing between them), which are being shown at the Wertheim Galleries

Right: Mlle. Sylvia Régis de Oliveira and Lady Theodora Davidson were at the luncheon given by the Travel Club of Great Britain and Ireland to the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, Señhor Régis de Oliveira, the Brazilian Ambassador

Mlle. Régis de Oliveira and Lady Theodora Davidson

The Duchess of Buccleuch and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook

The Duchess of Buccleuch was a guest and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook was hostess at a cocktail-party dress-show held at 30, Curzon Street last week, in aid of the National Council of Girls' Clubs

Maureen O'Sullivan—a Freshman's Dream

Maureen O'Sullivan came back to England to stir freshman Robert Taylor's heart in the film he is making here, called *A Yank at Oxford*. It is seven years since she embarked for Hollywood for the first time, in such a whirl of excitement, so they say, that she left her luggage behind at Southampton. All Robert Taylor's fan-adorers would leave their luggage anywhere to get into the studio to see him doing his athletic undergraduate stuff. While Maureen is playing the lovely young student at Oxford—cap and gown are among her fourteen sets of costume—she and her author-director husband, John Farrow, live in an oak-timbered house in Denham village. Another item of news links her with Vivien Leigh, who is also in the film: they were both at school at Roehampton

Baron

Humbert Wolfe — Adaptor of a Play in Verse

The latest work of the poet who is also a Civil Servant is also London's newest play. *The Silent Knight*, which began its run at the St. James's Theatre last night, has been adapted in verse by Humbert Wolfe from the Hungarian of Eugene Heltai; it is a romantic play, set in Hungary and Italy in the fifteenth century. The extremely interesting cast is headed by Diana Wynyard, Margaretta Scott, Ralph Richardson and Lyn Harding; the settings are by Professor Otto Neidermosser, the dresses by G. K. Benda (he did the *La Kermesse Héroïque* and *Old Music* costumes), and Gilbert Miller is presenting the play. Humbert Wolfe is Principal Assistant Secretary at the Ministry of Labour, has more than a look of the theatre about him, and strong critical and satirical leanings; his publications range from poetry through biography and essays to *Labour Supply and Regulation*

H. Gernsheim

Mid-day Interlude—a Hut on the Mountain Tops

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 46

George Black

MONDAY night's Command Performance was the eighth organised personally by George Black, of the Palladium. So it is odd to find that he made his fortune out of films before coming over to save variety. Which he has undoubtedly done. (Bud Flanagan calls him the "Maeterlinck of the Music Halls," while Mollie Bishop says he reminds her of Edmund Lowe.) It was exactly ten years ago that he was brought south by the General Theatre Corporation after it had purchased his chain of theatres. When he arrived, he found that the music-hall was the victim of much mismanagement and no little racketeering. So low had variety sunk that the Palladium was a cinema. George Black suggested that he be allowed to run straight music-hall turns—big posters, money no object, and ruthless cutting down of the length of individual turns being the triple cure he had in mind. Everyone said that variety was dead. But on September 5th, 1928, he reopened the Palladium with Billy Bennett and Gracie Fields, and within a few months it became the equivalent, for music-hall acts, of what Bertram Mills' circus is to circus acts of the world, and the Metropolitan Opera House is to international opera singers. Since then Bud Flanagan and Chesney Allen have gone up from £25 a week (they were getting £4 with Florrie Forde) to £15,000 a year for the pair of 'em.

George Black secured control of forty variety houses. He invented the Crazy Gang. He became President of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund and the virtual dictator of the fortunes of every music-hall act in the country. To-day he prefers character comedians, like Will Fyffe or George Melvin, to any other turn, with acrobatic acts second. He hates crooners and prefers his leading men to be flesh and blood instead of ghosts in tin boxes, like film-stars.

George Black commutes between Park Lane, Angmering, and the Moss Empires offices in Coventry Street; avoids show business like the plague when on holiday; plays no games, smokes cigars chain-fashion, and frankly astounds you when he confesses to two sons over twenty-four. He was nineteen when he married May Gibson, and has taken her advice ever since. That was three years after he had finished touring the country with his father's waxworks, known as Nigra's Exhibition, and shortly after he had become general factotum in England's first permanent cinema, in Sunderland. As a young married man he saw his father's single theatre increase to four and then increased them himself to eleven before he was twenty-five. He bought the first Charlie Chaplin six-reeler; he booked anything from the *Life of Christ* to the *Life of Charles Peace*—literally.

He joined the Northumberland Fusiliers, was borrowed by one C.O. after another to run Sunday concerts in dry canteens, acquired a stripe, and, the war over, promptly sold his chain of cinemas. After four days' holiday, however, he started up another. In those days there were variety acts supporting every cinema performance, and Dion Boucicault, Marie Lloyd, Clarice Mayne, George Formby, and Jimmy Tait were regularly employed by him. All his cinemas were in the North, though, and he was still comparatively unknown in London. Then came the General Theatre Corporation deal, and the rest you know.

Forty-seven, very good-looking, honest, ruthless, and with enough character to be able to keep the Crazy Gang in order, he also knows more about lighting effects than anyone in the profession and enough about Val Parnell to have kept him as his right-hand man since the day of his descent on London. And in view of what he has done for the music-hall and the clean entertainment of the public, he surely deserves a —— But that would be hinting, wouldn't it? **Charles Graves**

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

Curate and vicar: Robert Eddison and Felix Aylmer

"Yes and No" (Ambassadors)

PLAYS run in fashions. Once it was eternal eternal triangles, as constructed by Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. Later it was social reform, as advocated by Shaw, Galsworthy and Granville Barker. During the war, patriotic plays inevitably raged. After the war, war plays, crook plays, house-party plays, plays about literary celebrities all had their vogue.

And now, for some reason, the fashionable thing to write is the family play—domestic interiors with petty bickerings—altercation pieces with fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters at psychological sixes and sevens—home-sweet-home with the sweetness strictly omitted. Of which *George and Margaret*, at Wyndham's, was an early example, and *Yes and No*, at the Ambassadors, is the latest.

"YES AND NO" is strictly according to this year's model. "Rather an unusual family—not to say mentally unstable," is the verdict passed on the Jarrows by one of the visiting characters. With which verdict no playgoer could quarrel. When we first see them, the Rev. Richard Jarrow is trying to write a sermon while Miss Sally Jarrow thumps the piano and Mrs. Jarrow, with one hand on the sewing-machine, is hearing Miss Jo Jarrow rehearse her part. From which point onward it is their business to get on each other's nerves, to put up with each other, to bicker, to flare up, to shout, to kiss, to make up, and generally to astonish the two young men who have got themselves entangled with the wrong sisters.

All this might be tiresome if Mr. Kenneth Horne, the author of the piece, were not possessed of an unusually pretty wit. His central theme, since it necessitates some repetition, is fraught with danger. In his first act he demonstrates what would have happened if Jo had said no to Adrian. In his second act he demonstrates what would have happened if she had said yes. In his epilogue he demonstrates what really did happen. And every time the conclusion is the same, thus disproving the warning uttered by Papa at the start of the play: "What you say to Adrian is going to alter the whole course of your life."

The family approves of the engagement: Mary Jerrold and Rene Ray watch Denys Blakelock and Diana Churchill

THUS, you may perceive, there is a little thesis. Nevertheless, the action lives from hand-to-mouth. We never wonder, nor do we in the least care, what will happen next. But we do, almost continuously, relish what is happening at the moment, so resourceful is the author and so well served is he by his cast. Miss Diana Churchill as Jo, sentimentally dramatising her suitor's non-existent woe when she refuses him and, when she accepts him, instantly picking quarrels, may now rank with our comediennes. Mr. Felix Aylmer, a monument of amnesia as Papa, forgetting more things in five minutes than most characters think of in an hour, becomes more and more amusing instead (as might be expected) of more and more boring. Miss Mary Jerrold, Miss Rene Ray, Mr. Robert Eddison, and Mr. Denys Blakelock all enter into the spirit of charming irresponsibility that makes this entertainment good enough to see twice.

And if you ask me why, that being so, I don't go again, my reply is that I did. With completely satisfactory results.

Peter North

The Lady Louis Mountbatten

Lady Louis Mountbatten and her husband have both been in the news lately, she for charity and he for sport. She is vice-chairman of the Red Cross Ball which takes place at Grosvenor House to-day week and which is such a vast affair that anyone connected with its organisation who takes their job seriously is kept really busy. Lord Louis Mountbatten has also been organising: he is taking a polo team out to play in Jamaica in February and already the twenty-two ponies and their attendants are almost due to sail. Lord Louis Mountbatten runs a polo team during the summer at Adsdean, and two members of this year's team are going with him to Jamaica, Captain H. G. Morison and Mr. J. P. Robinson, the other two are Captain M. N. E. Macmillen and Captain Phillips. Since last spring the Mountbattens and their two daughters have been settled in the magnificent penthouse-flat built for them on top of the flats that now stand where the original Brook House, Lady Louis Mountbatten's old home, used to be

Madame Feng Yu-hsiang

General Feng Yu-hsiang

Left: General Feng Yu-hsiang looks a man of action with his heavy, determined face, more at home, perhaps, in the camp than in the study. He is said to have been in secret negotiation with Russia. His wife is a Christian, and was educated in an American Mission School

Below: General Doihara, called the Lawrence of Manchuria, is one of the most prominent figures on the political chess-board in the Far East. In civilian clothes he looks like a banker or business magnate

General Doihara

The War in China

Some Personalities on the Northern Front

Photographs by Bosshard

Above: Prince Teh Wang, the Mongol leader, was photographed in his yurt, tuning-in to Tokio on the wireless set given him by his Japanese friends

Right: the ceremony of bows and compliments took place on the railway platform at Paoting, when the foreign military attachés were presented to Colonel Yamaguchi, Chief of Staff to General Kano

The War in Spain

In Ernest Hemingway's Film "Spanish Earth"

For the first time, war has been made the subject of a documentary film. *Spanish Earth* is more than news, more than propaganda : it is a description by two artists of war and its effect on the lives of the people—peasants and workmen and their wives and children. The brilliant and moving work of the director, Joris Ivens, is accompanied by a commentary written and spoken by Ernest Hemingway. *Spanish Earth* was photographed mainly in a village forty miles from Madrid, but shows also the bombing of Madrid and fighting in the front line. It is now being shown at the Academy (where *Le Roman d'un Tricheur* still runs)

An Artillery Officer Looks for His Enemy

Don Quixote Carries a Red Flag

The gunner, haggard, unshaven, a fanatical determination burning in his eyes, might himself serve as model for a portrait of Don Quixote. He has only to change his range-finder for a lance, his muddy uniform and sweater for the old knight's suit of armour

Director and Commentator—Joris Ivens and Ernest Hemingway

Joris Ivens won the second award of the National Board of Review of America for a foreign film with his picture of the damming of the Zuyder Zee last year. Now he has made this film of the Spanish war, with Hemingway as commentator

Madrid's University—A Honeycomb of War

Learning proposed, war disposed of the splendid new buildings of Madrid's University City. Planned as a monument to old and a cradle of new knowledge, a few weeks of war turned it into a fortress and a tomb

High Wind in the Mountains—and the Ski-ers Tu

Towards Home

It is almost sundown; already the valleys are in deep shadow, and on the heights only the westward slopes catch the last gleams of light. The wind blows up the valley, knife-keen, and sharpened to cutting point by the spray of snow it carries. For the ski-ers it is not yet the end of their long day; the last and steepest part of their run home is before them, down into the blue gloom where the little town lies. Here they stop for a moment in the last sunshine, before turning right-handed into the wind; they knot their scarves more closely to their throats, fasten every button and buckle on their coats, pull the ear-flaps down over those frostbite-vulnerable lobes, blow their noses, re-adjust their gloves — and then off, christying, stemming, schussing towards tea and chocolate and hot baths

Photograph by
K. Machatschek

Angela Baddeley as Lady Anne

Photographs

"Richard III"

Emlyn Williams' *Richard III.* is one of the Old Vic's most interesting interpretations of character. He gives an absorbing and convincing study of a man born hunchback whose brain has been twisted to the utmost malice and unscrupulousness by his passion for revenge on the contemptuous world of his youth, his lust for the power that compensates for abnormality. His sardonic pleasure in the success of his twisting, murderous plots and a fleeting poignant impression of his realisation that his own life is more tragic than the tragedy of his victims are most subtly, brilliantly conveyed.

by Anthony

Emlyn Williams as King Richard

at the Old Vic

Angela Baddeley plays Lady Anne, who so strangely "grew captive" to the "honey words" of her husband's murderer even while she followed his body to the grave. She and Emlyn Williams had played together before—in his own play, *Night Must Fall*. *Richard III.* was produced by Tyrone Guthrie, with excellent dresses and setting by T. Osborne Robinson, who did *Hamlet* for the Old Vic last year, when Laurence Olivier played the Prince of Denmark. Olivier comes back to the Waterloo Road next week, when he and Judith Anderson will appear in *Macbeth*. *Richard III.* ends its run on Saturday

You've Seen Them at Kitzbühl

The Praxmair Tyroleans

Photographs by Anthony

Musical Knockabout as the Tyrol Has It

The Headman Poses

Most of you have once been infected with the gaiety of mountain folk, from Fribourg-ville to Villach, from Partenkirchen to Trent; have once blown marks, francs or schillings on a pair of lederhosen and decorated braces. Some of you may have gone as far as trying a Schuhplatt dance or playing the zither. It is an irresistible atmosphere — blue eyes and brown skins and well-marked beer-mats — and it stands transplanting. Toni Praxmair's company have proved that for the last few weeks at the May Fair, where they have been singing and dancing just as they do in his café at Kitzbühl. They are local people, guides, ski-instructors, farmers, waitresses in the restaurant: Toni Hatzl, for instance, one of the four dancers at the top of the page, takes visitors fishing in the summer and is so enthusiastic that his charges have been known to spend hours as lookers-on. This is typical of the vitality and ingenuous enthusiasm that these people bring to work—or dancing

Left: eine Kleine Nachtmusik

Films of the Day

Fantastic Princes and a Fantastic Commoner

"PASSENGERS will please to descend," cries the whiskered guard of a train drawn up somewhere in Central Europe, and we step down into the Province of Zenda, Ruritania, on the eve of the coronation of a new king. But the candidate-elect for the Crown of Europe's most glamorous kingdom—irresponsible fellow—is drunk in a hunting lodge of the royal preserve, while a very Black Michael is plotting his downfall; the beautiful Princess Flavia is sighing in her palace because she has never fallen in love, and that lovable scoundrel, Rupert of Hentzau, is flirting with Black Michael's sweetheart-in-chief, Antoinette de Maubon.

Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda* is, of course, ready-made screen material, and who can be better fitted for the task of straightening out its intriguingly complicated affairs of state than Ronald Colman? He is entitled to a double introduction: first, slightly bearded, as Mr. Rassendyll, an English gentleman on a fishing holiday; second, clean-shaven and monocled, as King Rudolf V. "Well met, cousin," says King Colman to plain Mr. Colman. "You must come to my coronation to-morrow." They raise their glasses once again, and so the fun begins. . . .

It is not the sort of fun approved by stern Aubrey Smith as faithful old Colonel Zapt (not my spelling—nor Anthony Hope's), and when it becomes apparent, in no uncertain manner, that Rudolf Colman has been drugged by Black Michael, Rassendyll Colman has to remove his beard and complicate matters still further by attending the coronation disguised as his own cousin, alias Rudolf V., alias himself. But this is the type of situation for which cinema audiences, as well as Ruritanian statesmen, thirst.

BELIEVE it or not, Ronald Colman, acting as appealingly as ever, deceives the whole kingdom—even the lovely Princess Flavia (Madeleine Carroll), who is a-flutter, to say the least, at his falling in love with her at first sight, although she has received only two postcards from Rudolf in three years. That was the catch in being king only for a day, and as Rassendyll remarked to Zapt, when business began to interfere with love: "You rather forget the human element, don't you?" At the climax, frogs are croaking in an old castle moat, and history is being made at night. In the fortress, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as Rupert of Hentzau, is fighting for his life, duelling over tables and on chairs in much the same way as Fred Astaire often dances. King Colman, gagged, is in danger of being hurled down a deep, dark well, while Mr. Colman fights for their common life. Meanwhile, Michael (Raymond Massey), who has been growing steadily more sinister throughout the picture, is lying dead in the arms of his mistress.

The ending, in trade parlance, is "certain box-office," for it was clear from the start that the Princess was destined for *one* of the Colmans: it was simply a question of whether Hollywood took the liberty of turning Ruritania into a republic and sending the Princess back to England as Mrs. Colman, or of retaining her in her proper position as Queen of the same name. The title counted.

THERE is another Prince Rudolph in *Lovely to Look At*, but in this case he is holiday-making outside Ruritania at a winter sports resort. Tyrone Power is the second gay young Prince, and he has been told to stir up war in Europe by playing-off a German-looking Baron (very large) against a French-looking Count (very small). But one fine day, in the mountains, the local skating instructress rubs his nose in the snow and, of course, they fall in love. What a scandal! Newspapers throughout the whole world are publishing it before the skating girl, Sonja Henie, realises that her boy-friend is not a reporter, but the famous Prince himself. The hotel provides her with their finest suite, and diplomats shower her with gifts, but she still does not understand.

Sonja Henie is rapidly becoming as clever at acting as she is on the ice, and the title of the film does not flatter her. The picture is entertaining to a high degree; there are many laughs, some fine exhibitions of skating and ski-ing, and excellent supporting performances by Arthur (gentleman's gentleman) Treacher, Raymond Walburn, and Joan Davis.

EDGAR WALLACE'S own son wrote the scenario of his famous crime story, *The Squeaker*, and it was made at Denham by Alexander Korda with William K. Howard directing. At times the picture is exciting, but it is no meat for amateur detectives, because there is never any doubt whatever about the identity of the "Squeaker," the policeman, or the thief. Chiefly interesting are the glimpses of the inside working of Scotland Yard and a newspaper office. If seeing is believing, the third degree methods of the British police for forcing criminals to confess are conducted with sufficient decorum and good-fellowship on both sides to be permissible in the most exclusive drawing-rooms.

The parts of the film I enjoyed most were those in which Tamara Desni was singing in a night club. The old dramatic trick of "Laugh, clown! Laugh!" may be showing signs of wear, but Miss Desni did it almost as attractively as Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel*, and her low voice was most effective. Ann Todd was the girl who was destined for orange blossom, and Edmund Lowe the groom-to-be. Sebastian Shaw was the "Squeaker," and the whole tale ended boisterously with drinks on the Superintendent.

IN his time, William Powell has played many rôles—villain, hero, professional man of almost every calling, butler, detective, lover. In *Double Wedding* he is a crazy artist in the craziest film I have seen this year. He lives in an auto-trailer (caravan to us), and refuses to sell his paintings, because he likes them too much. He goes shopping in zebra-striped underclothing, a bear-skin coat, and a béret. Myrna Loy, on the other hand, is his furthest opposite. Without a single smile or a laugh throughout the film, she plays the part of a smug, unassailably respectable and maddeningly practical business woman. The two start by hating each other violently, court each other with abuse, and end by knocking each other unconscious—just for love. When Myrna Loy asks for advice about handling William Powell, she is told to "try to make up her mind that she is in a lunatic asylum and married to the head warder." This advice holds good for the audience too

Sonja Henie in "Lovely to Look At"

The title of this piece is well chosen: Frk. Henie's youthful Nordic charm is very refreshing, her skating and ski-ing are executed with the grace of a champion, her dresses are delightful. She also gives signs that she is an excellent actress, but the story of "Lovely to Look At" suppresses them. It is at the Tivoli

"Bystander" Short Story No. 113

By Proxy

By Algernon Blackwood

Illustrations by Walter Goetz

THE November fog drifted in oily spirals over the region of Gorston Square. It hung obstinately, reluctant to be disturbed. In Victorian days the Square had been almost fashionable. Rich merchant princes and rising barristers inhabited its rather grim-looking houses, where now there was hardly a single private dwelling to be seen. The old buildings had sunk into cheap boarding-houses or small hotels of doubtful character, with a few bleak erections converted into so-called modern flats. No wonder the fog lingered and felt at home in Gorston Square. It offered cover to more than one transient who welcomed cover.

On the steps of the dingiest of these hotels, the Gorston Arms, stood a man who had all the appearance of one of these uneasy transients. He seemed part of the fog and gloom and murk: a tall, dark man with hunched shoulders, a pasty, discoloured face and shifty eyes. A scar ran from his jaw across the left cheek almost to his ear, a scar he cursed bitterly because no medical skill had been able to obliterate it. It had been acquired several years before in Denver City from a razor-blade, fixed in a potato, and its grim signature, intended for his throat, had been diverted only because his famous left arm had been a fraction of a second too quick. That famous pugilist's left had saved his life, but for a crook like Lefty Holt it was a damaging mark to carry.

Lefty was glad of the fog that night, as he stood on the steps of the Gorston Arms and sniffed the choking air. Looking right and left, he eyed the street uneasily, watching the few figures that moved so cautiously about their business through the murk. What *was* their business, was the question he asked himself. He preferred to see them moving rather than just loitering. For Lefty knew, with the strange, keen instinct of the hunted, that for days he had been shadowed. The fellow gangsters he had "let down" in Denver City were on his trail. He was being followed, and this uncanny instinct of the hunted would not let him rest. He had spotted no one in particular, but he was positive they were on his heels. He had been tracked across the water, for they knew that, as a Britisher, he would make for London. The warning whisper ran through his bones and blood: his temporary hotel was no longer safe. A chance caller, and before he even knew what the visitor wanted, the knife would be in his ribs. He must at once find lodgings where he could more easily check new arrivals.

Lefty Holt, crook and double-crosser, hid behind the shelter of the porch and studied the roadway carefully, peering about him into the welcome fog. Few people, thank God, were on the move, but he would not venture forth till he made quite sure there was no suspicious figure loitering on a corner. A postman passed on his rounds, sure of each familiar step; a youth on a bicycle, obviously some clerk hurrying home to his supper or high tea; a blind man tapping along the pavement by the Square railings, safer than any pedestrian, since darkness was his natural condition. A rare taxi crawled slowly by. The outlook seemed safe enough—reasonably safe.

Lefty slipped out swiftly, and in a moment the fog had swallowed him up. In his pocket lay one or two addresses he had sifted that morning from likely papers. He moved rapidly. He did not make the mistake of looking behind him or over his shoulder, but his eyes, for all that, were wide open in his back, nerves and instinct as alert as a wolf's. The postman, the clerk, were gone, and the blind man went as before, tapping his dreadful stick, though the note had slightly changed, and the taps came at longer intervals. He, too, was moving away. Two men slid out from the doorway of an office-building lower down the street and disappeared, but they, too, went in the opposite direction. The blind man no longer tapped, for he was round the corner. Lefty felt safe. He could go now and inspect the lodgings he had in view.

Nor was the region unfamiliar to him. It was here in boyhood he had learned his first pick-pocketing; the police court a few hundred yards beyond the Square he remembered, too; against these very railings on fragrant summer nights he had courted the girl he took later to Colorado as his wife, a crook even smarter than he was himself. His face darkened at the thought. Mean-hearted double-crosser though he was, the knowledge that she in turn had given him the same treatment filled his heart with vicious rage. She had got away with it, too, stones and all, his own share into the bargain. Yet she, too, he reflected, if she ever got clear of the Denver City gang, would make for these same parts and comparative safety. Beasts in danger, he knew, invariably return to their familiar haunts where "hides" and funk-holes are known to them. Thoughts and memories ran on through his mind in their nasty circle.

He almost collided with a burly figure in blue standing motionless beneath a lamp-post, and instinctively his coat collar went up to hide that scar.

"Evening, mate," he said gruffly, without turning his face.

"Thick night, ain't it?" came the answer, as Lefty passed on quickly.

But a policeman had no terrors for him at the moment, though it was just as well his face should not be recognised. He was not "wanted" here. He had done no violence in his early days, only the lesser, meaner crimes . . . and ten minutes later he tried the first address in his list, only to find that the room advertised was already taken. Luck failed him at the next house, too; and at the third he rang and rang for some time without an answer. He tried the knocker, for he was getting impatient, and waiting, he felt, was dangerous. Though the fog was now so thick that it was difficult to see even across the street, or ten yards along the pavement, he felt exposed and defenceless, as though he stood naked on the doorstep Yet he persisted, for some instinct told him this was the house he wanted. The door opened suddenly but cautiously, a few inches only. He liked that caution, it confirmed his instinct.

"What d'you want 'ere?" came a harsh voice in his ear, no face yet visible. It was a woman's voice.

For an instant, Lefty almost lost his self-possession, but for an instant only. If anyone should know that voice, he should He had heard it last in Denver City some years ago, but he could never fail to recognise it. It went through him now like a flash of steel or fire. The hair on his spine, so to speak, stood up. Questions and suspicions blazed in him. Had she followed him? Had she, too, made her own get-away?

"Who's in there with you—Lizzie?" his snarling voice asked with a filthy oath.

"N-no one," came the reply, after an instant's hesitation he did not fail to notice. "But I don't want *you*," she snapped, trying to shut the door in his face, without success, for his foot had already jammed it. A second later he had forced his way inside and slammed the door behind him, and the horrid pair stood facing one another in the dim-lit little hall.

"It's no good, kid," said Lefty, in a voice now ominously softer. "We got to have a show-down, you and me," and he gave her a cruel blow across the mouth with the famous left that had earned him his name. As the woman, scared to death, staggered back against the hat-rack, protecting her face from further blows that, however, did not follow, Lefty swept the hall with quick, cunning eyes. No hat, he saw, was hanging there, though that did not mean there was no man about. He might just be out. His hand strayed to his left arm-pit.

"And where's Shearer?" he asked again, in that ominous soft voice.

"Dead," whispered the woman, white with terror, "these two years gone."

Lefty examined her face very closely in the dim light for some seconds.

(*Continued on page* vi)

Harrods Pre-view of Winter Sports

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The W.A.S.A. Fog

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

OLD soldiers, we know, never die, and nor does the golf season. But it does fade away a trifle at this time of year, and the W.A.S.A. meeting, so ably organised by *Fairway and Hazard*, generally marks the end of the big open competitions. St. George's Hill was the venue, and at three o'clock in the afternoon it would have been hard to imagine anything more lovely or delightful. The sun shone on silver birches turned to gold, and cobwebs turned to silver on bronzed bracken, and all the rest of the poetical ingredients of a still autumn day. But not so at 9.30, when the first of the hundred-odd players struck off, nor, indeed, until almost all of them were round, and wondering whether they should face such conditions again in foursomes. For all morning thick fog enveloped the course. It was eerie in the extreme to stand beside a couple on the tee, peering into an impenetrable white wall. From its depths, in due course, would come a shout of "All right." That was the pair in front, and having heard the shout, and summoned up all their faith, the couple on the tee would drive off—into obscurity. At the beginning of the morning fifty yards must have been the limit of visibility; towards lunch-time perhaps it was a hundred more. Anything brilliant in scores seemed out of the question, but it was still early in the day when Mrs. Rivington, from Appleby, ran off the board at the top end, with 69 net in the bronze division, and it began to be queried whether something good might not, after all, be done in the silver and for the scratch prize.

THE answer came quickly, a truly amazing 73 from Miss Margery Raworth, equalling par. St. George's is, of course, her own course, though she knows it better from men's than from L.G.U. tees. Local knowledge undoubtedly counts for something when you cannot see where you are going. But Miss Raworth always looks a beautiful golfer, and this year has played better than ever. You remember she and Miss Brenda Norris won the London Foursomes, and that she did extremely well in the Surrey spring meeting. This foggy morning she was a little inclined to be short with the shots up to the pin, but her pitching and putting were above praise. Thirty-six out, thirty-seven home; it was great going. Miss Garnham's putts would not drop, and she was 79, so was Mrs. Davies; Miss Dorothy Pearson is too lately back from Cape Town to be in her best form; Miss Norris and Miss Falkner faded away after a good start. There was every excuse for anybody in this queer game of blindfold golf.

By the time the last few couples played, the fog had lifted and Miss L. Jones, from West Sussex, took full advantage of her late start by heading the silver division with 68 net. Only two other players managed to get below par—Miss J. Elers with 71 and Lady Brecknock with 72, this last in spite of some sad waste at the last two holes. Mrs. Barnish and Mrs. Walmisley won the nine-hole foursomes with one up, and Miss Norris and Miss Falkner, who had only one stroke to help them on their way, were a very gallant second with all square.

MISS HORROCKS was busy during the day enrolling new members for the Vesta Golfing Society. Are you a little vague what that is? I was until that morning, but now I am proud to call myself a member. You have heard of the Lucifer G.S. amongst the men? Vesta is to serve much the same purpose—that is, to give a welcome from British golfers living in this country to British golfers from overseas who come here on a visit. The L.G.U., with the best will in the world, cannot act as hostess in the same way as private individuals, nor yet can private individuals cope with the situation unless banded together in some sort of organisation.

Overseas golfers, by paying an annual subscription of 5s. to Vesta, become full members of Hadley Wood Golf Club, where they can play themselves or entertain guests; members resident in the British Isles also pay 5s., and can play at Hadley Wood, but are liable for green fees when so doing. There is a big membership already, scattered far and wide over the British Isles, and when any overseas visitor arrives on these shores and wants a game, Miss Horrocks will put her in touch with one of these home members. It is a great idea, for which Miss Stringer was initially responsible, making for real intercourse and friendship between golfers from all over the Empire.

Now there is a committee—Miss Stringer, Miss H. V. Smith, Mrs. Rabbidge, and Miss Doris Chambers, and a most influential list of patrons, who include Lady Heathcoat-Amory and Miss Cecil Leitch. The first annual meeting, for the Founder's trophy and plenty besides, is to be held at Hadley Wood on May 4th, the day after BYSTANDER One-Day Medal Foursomes at Wentworth. If you want to know more, write to Miss Horrocks, c/o, *Fairway and Hazard*, 24, Essex Street, Strand. As the advertisements say, "you will hear of something to your advantage."

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Lady Headfort and Miss Dorothy Pearson, who has just come back from South Africa, were playing in the recent W.A.S.A. meeting

The W.A.S.A. Meeting at St. George's Hill

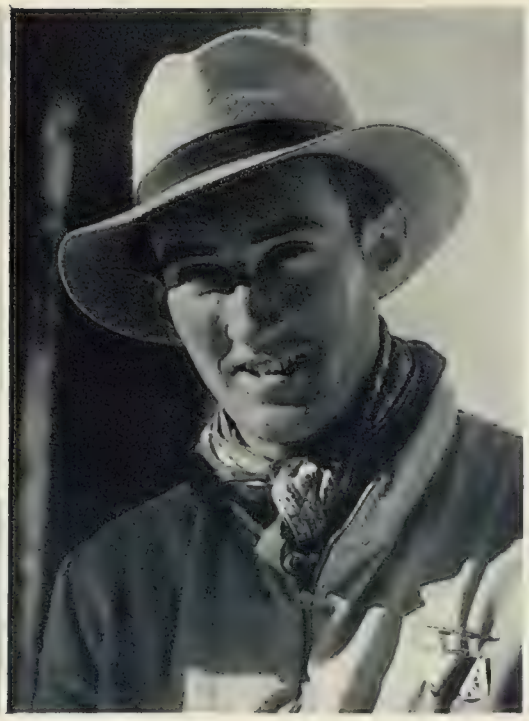
Miss Margery Raworth won the Scratch Prize with 73; Miss Kathleen Garnham was equal second with 79

Mrs. Allsopp and Mrs. Field were waiting to play their first drives off into the dense wall of morning fog

Miss Clayton East and Mrs. W. G. Cave were two more competitors in "Fairway and Hazard's" annual meeting

W. Glatthard is one of the three famous Scheidegg guides

Mahogany-coloured Fritz Steuri is another of the Scheidegg trio

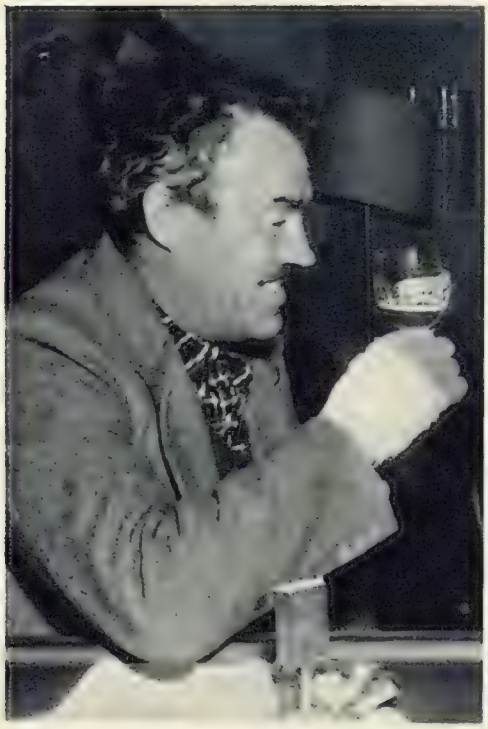


And Willi Steuri is the third expert on Scheidegg runs

Ski-Lehrer

Some of the Most Important Men in Switzerland

Important, that is, from the point of view of the vast temporary population that crowds every mountain hotel from attic to billiard-table during the next month or two. And important from the point of view of the sport which, so some wiseacre has calculated, is practised or attempted by more people in the world than any other, bathing and swimming excepted. Practically, all guides and teachers are brilliant ski-ers, and yet they deal with angelic and infinite patience with the endless stream of struggling novices or near-novices in their classes. And for the more expert they are incomparable companions on the long day runs and two- or three-day expeditions with nights spent in mountain huts. Every ski-visitor will agree that the ski-lehrer, of whatever nationality, is a quite exceptional kind of human being



Paul Guler broadcast from London last year

Hans Guler is Paul Guler's younger brother; they are both Klosters guides and very well known

David and Fluri Zogg are Arosa guides; David Zogg won the Parsenn Derby twice and in 1934 was World's Downhill and Slalom Race Champion

Heinz von Allmen, of Wengen

Hans Schlunegger, of Wengen

Otto Führer, of Zermatt

The snapshot of Otto Führer was taken while he was winning the Arlberg-Kandahar Cup, which he has held three times. In 1932 he won the Combined Downhill and Slalom Races in the World's Championships. The two Wengen guides are also well-known racers; Hans Schlunegger especially is a fine all-round ski-er, and has won downhill and slalom races and also the gruelling langlauf

Right: Herman Steuri, of Grindelwald, is another very fine ski-runner and guide

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Outstanding Performances in October

OCTOBER usually sees the end of golf of importance for the year, with the exception of alliance meetings and matches against the Universities. A great amount of golf was crammed into last month and some very fine performances were recorded.

The month started with Miss Wanda Morgan—whose omission from our team versus the French ladies at Pulborough incurred, very rightly, Miss Helme's displeasure—winning the English Ladies' Championship for the second year in succession, and winning it without producing her best golf.

ON October 9 Gerald Russell equalled the record at Woking, a record which has stood since 1911, when Humphrey Ellis holed the course in 70 strokes. Woking Golf Club has only one medal tournament per annum, and consequently there are few opportunities to attempt to lower the record. The casual visitor to the Woking Golf Club often thinks that the course is quite easy, and even, on occasions, complains that it is too short. But playing an ordinary round at Woking is very different from playing in the annual medal tournament, when not only are the teeing discs put back as far as they can go, but the holes are cut, as at St. Andrews, in special medal-day positions. When the holes are cut in the medal positions at Woking, the three-quarters good second shot leaves the player with a lot to do to get down in two more shots, and only 100 per cent. shots are likely to prevent fours becoming fives. There are few courses where it is so difficult to get down in a chip and a putt as at Woking, and the player who is faced with a long approach putt has to putt extremely well to avoid taking three strokes on the green.

Alterations to the course are being carried out. The ninth hole is being changed into a long one-shot hole with a new green on the high ground, short of the present green and with the tee over the eighth green. A new tenth green is being constructed to the left and below the existing green. It appears to me very probable that when the new holes are in play the fifteenth hole will be played as the first, otherwise there will be four one-shot holes in the first nine, a number which is most certainly excessive; there is no doubt that the fourteenth will make a very fine finishing hole.

Russell's card read as follows: out, 4, 2, 5, 4, 4, 3, 2, 4, 5 = 33; and home, 5, 3, 4, 4, 4, 5, 3, 5, 4 = 37. His fives at the third, ninth, tenth, fifteenth and seventeenth were more than compensated for by his twos at the second and seventh and his threes at the sixth, eleventh and sixteenth.

PLAYING for the Scratch Challenge Cup on the East Course at Wentworth about the middle of the month, K. A. S. Morrice broke the amateur record, held jointly by C. D. Gray and W. L. Hartley, by holing the course in 68 strokes. Russell had paved the way for his score with a very good outward half, but Morrice, on the other hand, made a bad start, taking five at the first hole and failing to get his three at the short seventh, and when he reached the turn in 37 no one would have been prepared to take long odds about him beating the record. However, he came home in the remarkable score of 31, which contained no fewer than five threes. His card read as follows: out, 5, 4, 4, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 5 = 37; and home, 3, 4, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, 3, 4 = 31.

As at Woking, alterations to the East course at Wentworth are being carried out. The twelfth hole will be discarded and the thirteenth hole will be lengthened by putting the tee on the approach to the present twelfth hole, and will become the new twelfth hole. A new long one-shot hole will be constructed beyond the present thirteenth green, and the new fourteenth hole will be played from a tee near the new green to the present fourteenth green, the hole being dog-legged to the right and lengthened by about 130 yards. These alterations will lengthen the course by about 300 yards and will give a total length of over 6400 yards, so Morrice will find it even more difficult to return a score of 68 in the future.

IN spite of these two extremely good performances, I think that the best of the month was accomplished by Frank Frostick in the Surrey Golf Union's Open Championship, played on his own course at St. George's Hill, and there must be many who would have liked to have seen him victorious. He returned scores of 70 and 71, and finished second, two shots behind W. J. Cox.

Frostick is not as young as he used to be—I believe I am right in thinking him to be a grandfather—and does not nowadays hit the ball very far, and yet on this severe course, stretched to its limit, in the morning he returned a better score than any other player, and but for two errors later on in his second round, when he was tiring, must have won or at least tied.

He demonstrated, beyond question, that it is not essential to hit the ball miles to return good scores, and that a short tee shot in play, backed up by accurately struck seconds and good chipping and putting, can obtain just as satisfactory results as the long hitters can hope for. At his age to be second in a field which included many of the leading professionals of the present day is indeed a great achievement and one of which he has every right to be proud.

Oxford and Royal Wimbledon Halved

The match was at Royal Wimbledon, was played in a drizzle, resulted in a draw: these four are J. C. Lawrie (B.N.C.), Solly Hill, Kenneth Scott (Trinity) and G. E. Grant Govan, and the Oxford pair, who are secretary and captain respectively, won by two holes

Gerald Russell

This autumn Mr. Russell equalled the record at Woking by holing the course in seventy, a score recorded in 1911 by Humphrey Ellis, and never since. Both Mr. Russell's and Mr. Morrice's records are discussed on this page

K. A. S. Morrice

Mr. Morrice beat C. D. Gray's and W. L. Hartley's amateur record on the East Course at Wentworth by holing it in sixty-eight during the match for the scratch challenge cup. The course is now under alteration

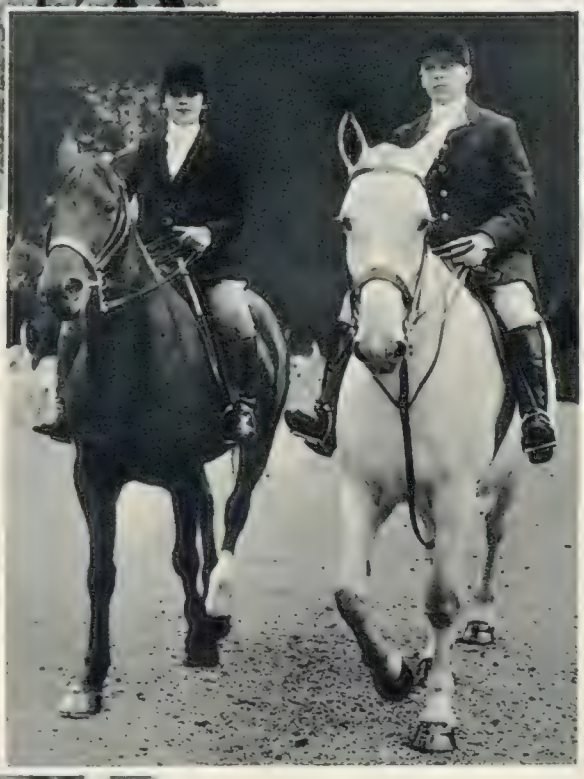
Lady Diana Percy

Was out with the Percy after their opening meet at Alnwick Castle. Her mother and brother, the Duchess and the Duke of Northumberland, are joint-Masters. Lady Diana Percy will be her sister's chief bridesmaid when she marries Lord Clydesdale in December

Hunting Survey

Below: Lady Isobel Guinness and her mother, the Duchess of Rutland, were talking to Captain James Seely at the Belvoir meet at Thorpe Arnold. Captain Seely's brother, Mr. "Bill" Seely, is Master of the South Notts

Below: Miss Betty Llewellyn, who is now joint-Master with her brother of the Talybort, is one of the youngest Masters in the country. Their father is Sir David Llewellyn, who is a big Welsh coalowner



Miss Betty and Mr. Rhys Llewellyn

Mr. Barlow and Miss Sharpe

Mr. Walter Barlow and Miss Ruby Sharpe, daughter of the Master of the Lauderdale, Major R. W. Sharpe, had announced their engagement the same morning they were photographed at the Lauderdale meet at Langshaw. Mr. Barlow is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Disney Barlow, of the Chace, Woodhouse Eaves, Leicestershire, and is in the 4th-7th

Below: Lady Knutsford, her mother-in-law, Ellen Lady Knutsford, and her daughter, the Hon. Diana Holland-Hibbert, were at the V.W.H. (Cirencester) opening meet at Bibury Court, where Sir Orme Clarke lives. Lord Knutsford is joint-Master with Lord Bathurst

At a Belvoir Meet

At the V. W. H. (Cirencester) Opening Meet

Walter Hammond Turns Amateur

The famous professional cricketer has accepted a directorship of a tyre company (here he is seen in his office) and intends to continue cricket as an amateur. This announcement was followed by immediate tips for his captaincy of the Test team

Hostess and Guest

Mr. Dudley Joel gave his pheasants some sport at Moulton Paddocks, Newmarket: one of the guns was Lord Dudley, and he was photographed with Mrs. Joel, who was well wrapped up against the mist off the stubble field

Howard Marshall on Sport

So plain Hammond of Gloucestershire is now Mr. W. R. Hammond, the famous amateur cricketer, and a new realm of controversy is opened up thereby.

I think myself that Hammond's action is a perfectly natural one and that it has been unnecessarily misconstrued here and there. Hammond, it is true, did invite publicity, and he could not have expected that all of it would be entirely favourable. But the fact remains that he merely made a simple announcement which showed up the anomalies of the amateur definition.

Why Hammond should be regarded as an amateur because his cricket abilities have put a profitable job in his way and enabled him to make more money than he would as a professional, while continuing to play cricket, is one of those things which we can argue indefinitely. I must admit that it does not worry me in the slightest. Hammond is an exceedingly pleasant, modest individual, and if his new way of life will relieve him of financial worries and enable him to improve his own exceptionally high cricket standards, so much the better for all of us.

It is premature to speculate upon the chances of Hammond captaining England against Australia next summer. Possibly he will be offered the job. But the Selectors themselves have not yet been selected, and any suggestion that Hammond's status was deliberately acquired with a view to making him captain of England is very wide of the mark.

Hammond in the past has led the Players with great efficiency, and he may set up the unique record of captaining both the Players and the Gentlemen. It is true that R. W. V. Robins may not be able to play enough cricket next summer to make him a certainty for the English captaincy, and the Selectors will have some difficulty in finding the right man for the job. In the circumstances, therefore, it is comforting to know that Hammond will be available and we may content ourselves with wishing him the best of luck both in business and on the cricket field.

(Concluded on page 260)

Sir Herbert Cayzer and Miss Effie Barker are continuing their successful Joint-Mastership of the Garth, which held its opening meet last week at Stanlake Park,

Miss Patricia Grant Morden, daughter of the late Colonel Walter Grant Morden, has started a riding-school in Grosvenor Mews, where this picture was taken

"SCOTCH"

STANDS FOR

SPEYROYAL

GILBEY'S

TEN-YEAR-OLD WHISKY

Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 258)

WITHOUT embarking any further on this thorny question of the amateur status, we may examine with considerable interest the new project formulated by the Council of the Lawn Tennis Association.

The Council have naturally been worried by a lack of co-operation between players and the governing body; and they now propose, with great good sense, that British international teams should be nominated well in advance of events for which they will be needed and that the players selected shall be given every encouragement and facility to train systematically.

This in itself is obviously most important, and the Council further intend to enable players to put their own views before the Council's representatives. The scheme, in short, is a very simple one. For the first time, players and governing authorities are going to get together to see what they can do in free co-operation to improve the standards of British lawn tennis.

I understand that Sir Samuel Hoare, the President of the Lawn Tennis Association, will himself see that these meetings of representatives run smoothly and profitably.

As has been suggested in these columns from time to time, there is clearly a great deal to be done. Much fine material in this country has been wasted by haphazard methods and the time has certainly come for these reforms.

There is, for example, the question of tournaments. In the past, tournaments have been unregulated and players have dissipated their energies by entering for events in various parts of the country where the standard of skill neither tested nor sharpened their own abilities.

In America—and we still have a great deal to learn from the Americans—they have made great use of carefully-graded invitation tournaments, which bring youngsters on by giving them opportunities of improving in the company of selected players. Manifestly some such scheme would be of incalculable benefit over here, and I dare say we shall hear more of it next summer.

The Misses Wilson Had a Day With the Cottesmore

Miss Violet and Miss May Wilson were back in their old country when they came over from the Woodland Pytchley to the Cottesmore's meet at Tilton-on-the-Hill. Two foxes were put to ground, but none killed. Last week saw a number of opening meets all over the kingdom, and scent on the whole was good

In the meanwhile, the fact is that there is plenty of highly promising material up and down the country and all that remains to be done is to see that it is not wasted. This will only be possible if the new relations between players and authorities are so fostered that they really bear fruit. The Council must be prepared to experiment in every way and to make the most of the enthusiasm of the rank and file, who, in their turn, as I know very well, are exceedingly anxious to join in this most encouraging movement.

ONE more note—this time on the heavy-weight novices' competition which ended recently in a victory for the large and promising Jack Smith, of Worcester. A great deal has been written about this search for a heavy-weight hope, and it is certainly true that Smith and Chris Cole, the Irishman, both show natural abilities above the average.

It would be a sad mistake, however, to imagine that in either of these youngsters we have a world champion who needs little more than careful grooming to fit him for a tilt at the title. All we can say is that here is likely raw material. But it is extremely raw as yet, and Jack Smith has a long and arduous journey ahead of him before we can begin to think of his ultimate potentialities.

Fun for the Forwards

It was rather a mid-week-ish game between Oxford and Trinity College, Dublin, when the former won by two tries to a penalty goal. This picture shows John Brett, the Oxford captain, held up by a T.C.D. man after a scrum break

Fun for the Wings

B. E. W. McCall, a Kent wing, and R. F. Drooglever, his Surrey opposite, did some rival handing-off in the County Championship match which Surrey won by 11—5

This England . . .

The valley of the West Allen, Cumberland

THERE are those among the younger people (indeed there have always been) who like to scoff at tradition. Yet are they among the foremost to profit by its counsels and its guidance. For tradition is in some sort the memory of trials and errors in the past — and without his memory man is not much. Unconscious of this guidance are we most often, because it springs of simple things so interwoven with our daily round that they seem no older than last week's winding of the clocks. Your Worthington is one of these — so old in its manner of making, so new (and so acceptable) to each generation of young men it sustains.

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Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"And now listen to this bit out of the new Marriage Bill"

QUAILING before a barrage of rolling "r's" mingled with a brisk fire of "hae's" and "oos" and "wha's," and a furious tempest of bushy eyebrow-bristling, Mr. Hore-Belisha has assured Scotland that he has decided *not* to mechanise the Scots Greys, despite the rumours. We expected this. Had the War Minister handled Scots cavalry as he 's been handling English there 'd have been a rare old Cottar's Saturday Night, and God knows what would have happened. (A lot of grating after-dinner speeches to begin with, beginning with menaces and ending in whoops and tears and embraces and "Auld Lang Syne" and cheers for R. Burns.)

Anyhow, the Scots Greys keep their horses, to which Napoleon referred at Waterloo as "ces terribles chevaux gris," though some historians think he really said "cheveux gris," meaning that the new hair-restorer he 'd been trying that morning was a flop and he wanted his money back. We hasten to add that we 're not cracking at a gallant and historic regiment, and that we 're extremely glad they 've saved their horses. Horsed cavalry had little scope in 1914-18, though some Allied generals kept hopefully massing them at strategic points at intervals all through the war, in readiness for the Big Break-Through, and will obviously have still less in the next, all gentlemanly wars being now over for good; which is all the more reason why one crack cavalry regiment of the Line at least should preserve its old-time aspect, to shame Posterity.

Officers of non-Scottish or mechanised cavalry units, incidentally, keep their spurs. To see them giving their new tanks a half-hearted backward kick in the ribs, for old time's sake, is said to be most affecting.

Knockout

STILL too giddy-sick and stunned by the overwhelming Odeon fortress in Leicester Square to remember anything much about the Zenda film (fourth edition) it 's opened with, we want to go somewhere very quiet and sit down and think everything out. Those rose-marble floors, those imitation leopard-skin seats and thick, wine-coloured carpets, that gigantic black marble façade, the vast gold auditorium with its dizzying décor of whorls and waves frankly knock you silly, if you 're at all sensitive about these things. We 're old enough to remember the impact of the new Empire on our quivering eyeballs a few years ago. That enormous chocolate-and-gold-and-crystal foyer was then deemed to be the last word in big-scale film-world opulence and fantasy. The Odeon makes the Empire look like a vestry, and makes the poor old bitty Alhambra, on whose site it stands, linger in one's memory like a Christmas toy.

The mot juste for this kind of new architecture—we 've been trying to hit on it for some time—seems to be "inhuman." Its sheer accumulation of mammoth size and weight and gorgeous violence annihilates the spirit. It squats over the traffic in huge menacing masses, sneering "Ya 'll take it and ya 'll like it!" It seems to us as good a symbol as any of what our civilisation is rushing down to.

"They ought to take this train off, it 's always crowded"

Success-Story

MORE than £35,000, apparently, has already been subscribed to the Kipling Memorial Fund to establish Empire bursaries at Kipling's old school and in other ways to perpetuate his memory. An option to purchase the Kipling Tors, near Westward Ho!, where Stalky and his little chums did their poaching, has also been acquired.

Which shows that the greatest success story of our time—what big business man's career can compare with it?—isn't finished yet. Kipling soared from obscurity to fame like a blinding and deafening rocket, almost overnight. The first little grey India-published volume of *Plain Tales* had hardly arrived in England before big literary boys like Andrew Lang and Gosse and Henry James were going haywire over it, and ever Wilde was reluctantly admitting how vulgar, how brilliant, how cheap, and how masterly these stories of Anglo-Indian society were. The English were henceforth ravenous for as much of the

(Concluded on page 264)

EGYPT

'I feel so fit here!'

'Enjoy the gala night at Shepheard's?'
'Grand fun . . .'
'I was dining at Mena House'
'I adored that Nile trip to Luxor. The steamer was so comfortable . . . it might have been a liner'
'Let's go to the Opera tonight . . .'
'Love it . . . Your face, my dear, is as brown as the desert'
'That's winter sunshine. Shows what a healthy place Egypt is'

Special points of interest . . .

* You should see the Aswan Dam, one of the greatest feats of engineering in the world.

* Visit the tomb of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor; it will be an unforgettable experience.

* When you want exercise, remember there are golf courses in Cairo and Alexandria, and tennis is played everywhere. You can also ride or play polo.

* To travel in Egypt is to travel comfortably and efficiently—whether by rail, boat, or air.

How to get to Egypt . . .

1. BY SEA . . . 10 to 12 days. Steamers go to Port Said. Fares to suit your purse. You leave from several different English ports.

2. BY AIR . . . From London to Alexandria. 2½ days.

3. OVERLAND PART OF THE WAY . . . Train-de-luxe to Marseilles, Genoa or Venice. Then by steamer to Alexandria. 4½ days.

4. OVERLAND ALL THE WAY . . . Simplon-Orient Express from London to Istanbul. Through Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, to Cairo. 6½ days.

THE EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU, 29 Regent St., London, S.W.1 (Regent 6680), or any of the recognised travel agencies, will give you full information.

Standing By *(Continued from page 262)*

Kipling mixture, showing what stout fellows they were and natural lords of the earth, as Kipling liked to give them, and the ultimate result was that he was buried in Poets' Corner in the Abbey with a Prime Minister, an Admiral of the Fleet, and the Chief of the Imperial General Staff for his pall-bearers; the only writing-bloke to earn such august obsequies in our history.

We 're not looking down our finely-chiselled beezer at Kipling. He was a great artist, and we love *Kim* and the Sussex stories intensely, and often read them. Our point is that Kipling knew and played his market to perfection (quite sincerely), and that he makes the average self-made American millionaire look like a dumb cluck. Had he been on the unpopular side—but that (as he used to say), etc., etc., and so forth.

Tick, Tock

ANOTHER agreeable romp with the teetotal boys and girls, who are so amusing, seems indicated. Their latest prank has just come to light at Broadstairs, where a concert-party last summer was in the habit of giving away two half-bottles of champagne, vintage unspecified, as prizes to the audience once a week. The licentious mummers reckoned, however, without the British Women's Total Abstinence Union. The result is that Broadstairs Council decided the other day to put an end henceforth to such Byzantine orgies. "A clock," remarked one of the Council "would be just as attractive."

This is probably true of some brands of champagne, but it sticks in our mind that the authority who made this remark and may not be a judge of wine to any extent, was referring to champagne generally. In which case he utters an ignoble lie, and somebody ought to take him first to Rheims and then into a Swiss clock-factory, and make him drink a lot of cuckoo-clocks. The dreadful thing is that this type would probably prefer the clocks, at that.

Reporter

CHARLES HANDS, who has just died at Ventnor at the age of seventy-seven, was possibly the greatest special correspondent—"reporter," he called it himself—of the age, besides being one of the kindest and most charming little men on earth. We knew him only after he had retired from the *Daily Mail* after a long, brilliant career, of which Fleet Street still speaks in a hush. There are so many hundred stories about Charlie Hands that almost everything good is attributed to him nowadays, as to Dorothy Parker in New York, and Tristan Bernard in Paris. One of the true ones is the one about his respectfully doffing his hat one evening, in Northcliffe's presence, to one of the lift-boys at Carmelite House, on the grounds that he, the lift-boy, would probably be editor, or at least, a director next week. Another true one, they say, is that of his going many years ago to see Northcliffe, who had fired him, as Northcliffe sometimes did, with a string of children just gathered off the street, and moving the great man to mercy with a domestic sob-story of intense pathos.

A wicked sense of humour—he had a pretty wit, also, and his gentle drawl gave it point—always worked closely with Hands's genius for news-hawking. One story he told us himself was about his being once sent into the provinces to write up some comic tough guy whom the police had with great difficulty collected after weeks of hilarious adventure. Hands thought it would make a rather good story if this tough guy made a last-minute sensational escape from the cells, and sure enough, to the surprise of all, the tough guy *did* escape next day. When Hands told us this story, his left eyelid drooped more than somewhat and his drawl of "Amaa-aazing!" left nothing unsaid. Masses of people all over the world will be missing Charlie Hands.

Low Toby

THERE was a nice combined flavour of Old Baghdad, Old Paris, and *The Beggar's Opera* in a recent news-story from Wellingborough, Northants, where seven ill-clad beggars operating a working-class Council estate were seen to get out of a luxurious saloon car parked in the market-place and separate for the day's work, two with trays of matches, three with hired pavement-artists' pictures, two with a piano-accordion. This sight would have won approval and applause from the Cour des Miracles, the Guild of Beggars of Baghdad, and the Company of Beggars of St. Giles's equally, for if the descendant of these skilled practitioners does not display brilliant fake sores and exquisitely-designed bogus mutilations any more, or fill the air with lamentable whinings, he probably makes quite as much money. It seems the drab truth that begging is still one of the more comfortable professions, and for all we know, people may be putting their sons into it at this moment.

The two most truculent West End beggars we know personally sing in stentorian voices (one plays a wheezy accordion), and practically order you to stand and deliver on the pavement with breezy but subtly threatening "Good luck, Sirs!" Though often expecting it, we 've never seen them actually attack some recalcitrant citizen. That may be because we 've never yet seen anybody with the nerve to refuse them.

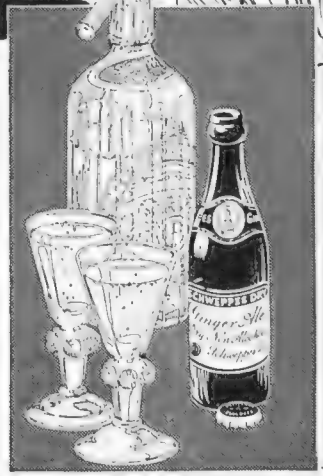
D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"This way, Madam, we make no mistakes with our dress-lengths"

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

SEPT. 10TH

After dinner come Dr. Barlow and his wife to play at Contract Bridge. Mrs. Barlow very full of the latest West End success; but I could wish that she had kept her mind to card-playing more and to play-acting less, since she revoked twice, whereat I did assume soft smiles to hide my harsh thoughts. Thereafter, I having proposed drinks and the Doctor choosing Whisky and Soda and the ladies Ginger Ale, I fell to talking upon the Art of choosing Table Waters. In which the Doctor and I agreed well: viz., that a man of true and tried palate knows there be as true distinctions among Table Waters as among Wines or Ales. Furthermore, that Schweppes have some cunning and close tradition; some secret way of winning that brave tang and livesome sparkle which at once please the tongue and placate the throat. Afterwards, two more rubbers and so to bed.



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

New York Panorama : By Alan Thomas

IMAGINE that you are sitting in the stalls of a theatre about five times the size of the Coliseum, and picture a revolving stage with a score or more of sets. And as the stage goes slowly round, you see a different drama being played on each set. This will give you some idea both of the scale and of the structure of Elmer Rice's 670-page novel entitled, *Imperial City* (Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.) The city is New York, and as the stage moves round there is precious little of the city's life we are not shown. Millionaires and scene-shifters, clergymen and drunkards, daughters of Eve, professional and otherwise ; students and dons, negroes of Harlem, doctors, lawyers, film-stars, night-club queens, and murderers—all of them struggling to get or keep a foothold, each of them ready, if need be, to shove his neighbour off the ladder, and each of them seeking refuge and comfort in love, lust or drink. All of them, in some degree or other, are victims of the power of money and of graft. Yet it is not the individuals who are to blame : it is the system—"a social order which not only makes possible, but actually glorifies the excesses of Hollywood and the excesses of Park Avenue, and a citizenry which revels in the particulars of a revolting crime and turns a deaf ear to the cries of the suffering and the oppressed."

That is the picture—contemporary life under capitalism—and a pretty ugly picture it is. Nor can its genuineness be doubted—bearing in mind that the city is New York and not London. The men and women who move in this vast panorama are real people, and the whole scene is truthfully and unsentimentally portrayed. Moreover, though some readers may prefer their material a little closer knit, the interest never flags. Yet—and here is the chief criticism—that interest lies rather in the implications of the story than in the story itself, in the characters as human problems rather than as human beings. The book in its social aspects is beyond all doubt a fierce and faithful commentary on the metropolitan life of the United States—and an indictment. But judged, as it deserves to be judged, by the very highest standards, *Imperial City* is not great literature in the sense that one will want to turn to it again.

ON the south side of the river, just over Westminster Bridge and behind St. Thomas's Hospital, there is a block of dwellings known as Hercules Buildings : and behind them is a garden. The name of the buildings is taken from Hercules Hall, the house of Philip Astley, and the garden is probably part of the original arena of Astley's Amphitheatre, remembered now only by the older generation, but once *The Greatest Show on Earth*—to quote the title of Mr. Willson Disher's new book, published by Bell and Sons, price 15s. Founded by Philip Astley in the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Amphitheatre (it later passed into the hands of "Lord" George Sanger) was for over a hundred years one of the great attractions of the town. Under the guidance of that "prodigy of showmanship," the celebrated equestrian, Andrew Ducrow, "feats of activity" were transformed into "visions of Romance." Who that is familiar with Byron's poem "Mazeppa" knows how Ducrow made it world-famous ? It was "acted on practically every stage and everywhere on earth where the sawdust ring could lay its fence," and was rivalled only when William Cooke "equestrianised" Shakespeare—also at Astley's. It is a fascinating story as Mr. Willson Disher tells it, this history of the circus. "To write about Astley's," says D. L. Murray in his introduction, "is to write slices of English life at its stoutest and merriest . . . to resuscitate romance that may have been buried but can never die." *The Greatest Show on Earth* is a glamorous contribution to a part of life that many historians have overlooked—the part played by the showman. The book is fully illustrated with contemporary prints.

FOR versatility give me Charles Graves. He seems to be able to turn his hand to anything, and then to write about it. And what he writes is always full of interest and information. His latest exploit has been to take a high dive—I won't say into other people's pockets : I might be misunderstood—but into the question of how other people get a living, how much they earn and what they think of their jobs. His book is called *Other People's Money* (Nicholson and Watson ; 7s. 6d.), and in it he gives us the low-down on almost any kind of occupation one can think of—a housemaster at a big public school, a boxer, a ballyhoo merchant, an antique dealer, a "this-way-please" cinema girl, a store clerk, a composer, a parson, a Foreign Legionary, an air pilot, and Heaven knows who or what else. And that isn't all. Besides personal occupations, there are impersonal institutions or organisations—Covent Garden, for instance, or the Christmas-card industry, or Death Duties in relation to owners of large estates or the Nansen Passport system : on all these and scores of other subjects Mr. Graves has a story to tell. And he tells it with a wealth of detail and yet with a brevity that is a triumph of compression. I found his book of quite unusual interest.

THE appearance of a new volume of essays by "Y. Y.", alias Mr. Robert Lynd, is always a happy event. His latest has been christened *In Defence of Pink* (Dent ; 6s.), which, as the title of the first essay, gives Mr. Lynd an opportunity for juggling with every conceivable use of the word "pink"—with one exception : for some reason he says nothing of "pink gin." There are thirty essays in all, and among them some of the most amusing that Y. Y. has ever written : "We in Durand Gardens" is a delightful piece of humorous philosophy, while for a more elevating discourse on the pleasures of abstinence, "The Jolly Abstainer" would be hard to beat. Those who don't know Mr. Lynd's work have something to look forward to : those who do will order the book at once. The illustrations are by Steven Spurrier.

TO garden-lovers I recommend a little book entitled *The Passing Show*, by W. E. Johns (*My Garden ; 5s.*). It is a garden diary for every month in the year, written by an amateur gardener who combines a love and knowledge of his subject with a pleasant and often amusing style of writing. What first attracted me in the book was a passage describing how the author was ten minutes late for an important meeting in the City because, in a shop in Broad Street, he had spotted a new saxifrage. A man with so well-balanced a sense of proportion is worth knowing. The text has been very happily illustrated by Howard Leigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill

Mr. Churchill opened the "Sunday Times" Book Exhibition last week at Dorland Hall, and spoke strongly against the creeping disease of propaganda—"the glory of literature in any free country is its variety." Mr. Churchill's own book, "Great Contemporaries," is one of the autumn's biggest successes

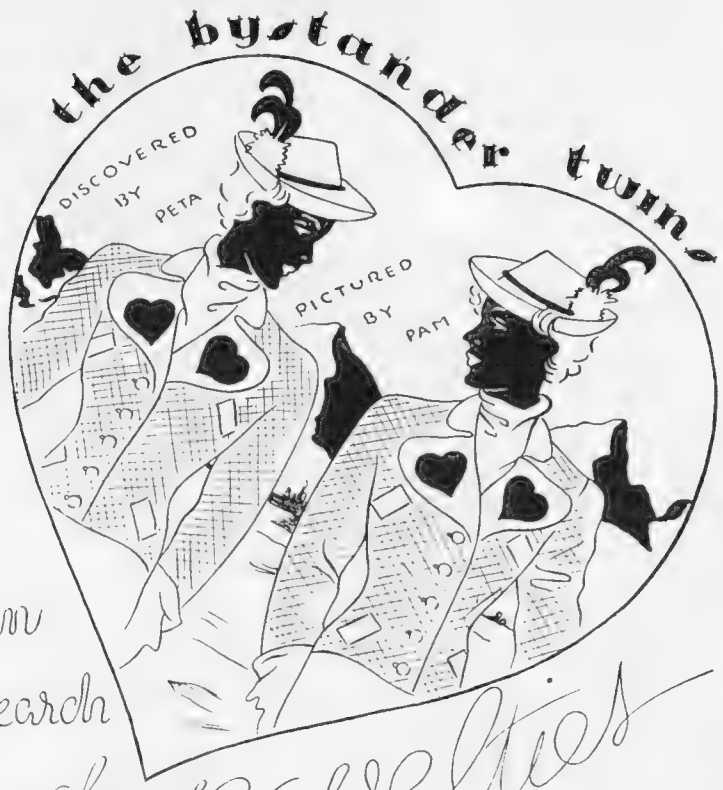
Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

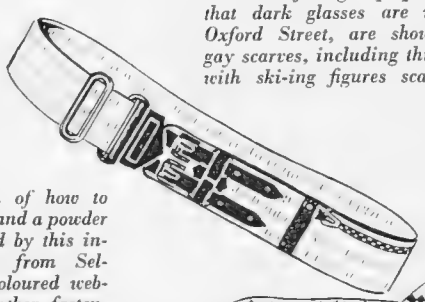
One of the most delightful things about ski-ing is that it appeals to people of all ages, and even beginners get enormous enjoyment out of careering wildly down the nursery slopes and collapsing in a sprawling mass at the bottom. The winter sports department at Harrods, Knightsbridge, is once more under the personal supervision of Mr. G. D. Greenland, who is well known for his expert advice. He will supply a running commentary to a series of ski-ing films which will be shown daily at 3.30 p.m. A delightful plus-four suit in off-white proofed Homespun tweed is seen on the left for 6½ guineas. It is neatly tailored, with a double-breasted jacket lined with proofed poplin. The long coat which accompanies it is in deep cherry Loden cloth, lined with Tyrolean print. It is sold separately and affords additional protection when standing about watching experts racing or jumping

Winter Holiday

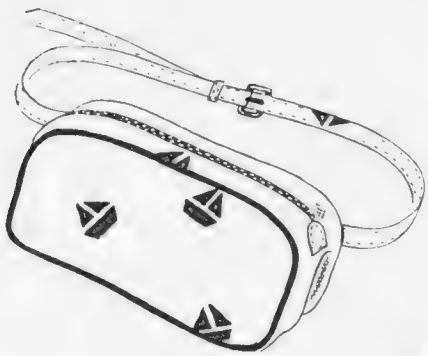
The call of the snow sounds louder every year, and the question of ski-ing kit is foremost in the minds of those who answer it. Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge, have compiled a special catalogue dealing exclusively with winter sports equipment, and will gladly send it post free on request. Ski suits, beautifully tailored in proofed gabardine, are available from 69s. 6d., while the model above in proofed faced cloth costs 5½ guineas. It is made in several colours, with an inverted pleat down the back of the jacket, and lastex yarn anklets round the trousers which enable them to be worn as plus-fours. Below is a hooded storm blouse for 27s. 6d. in off-white proofed poplin, which can be worn over the trousers or tucked into the waist. It is similar to a wind jacket, and one or both should always be included. An outdoor skating-dress which is equally suitable for indoor rinks is seen in the top right-hand corner. It is tailored in closely-woven jersey and costs 7½ guineas in various colours



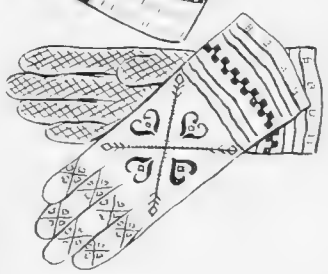
Headgear varies considerably among ski-ers, and if the weather is fine, a printed square tied under the chin is often preferable to a close-fitting cap, providing, of course, that dark glasses are worn. Selfridge's, Oxford Street, are showing a variety of gay scarves, including this one for 6s. 11d., with ski-ing figures scattered all over it



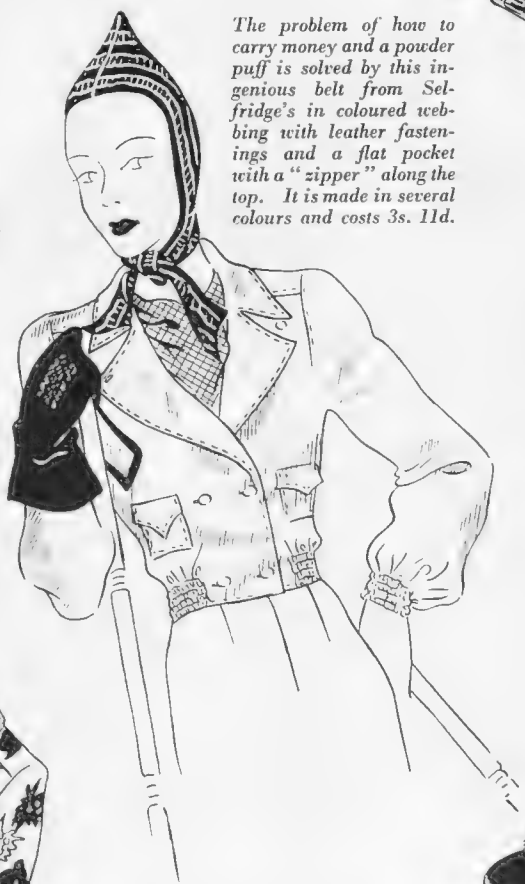
The problem of how to carry money and a powder puff is solved by this ingenious belt from Selfridge's in coloured webbing with leather fastenings and a flat pocket with a "zipper" along the top. It is made in several colours and costs 3s. 11d.



A lunch-bag is an important part of a ski-ing outfit, and this one is both light and attractive. It is made in white canvas painted with touches of red, and fitted with a sliding fastener and waist-strap. It costs 10s. 6d., and may be seen at Selfridge's



Norwegian gloves knitted in coloured wools are a smart alternative to leather mitts, and keep the hands beautifully warm. The pair sketched costs 8s. 6d. at Selfridge's, while mitts in a similar design are 6s. 6d.



The ideal wind jacket, which only weighs five ounces and is absolutely snow and wind-proof, has been designed by Gordon Lowe. It is made of coloured oilskin, cut with an expanding panel down the back and under the elbows. The price is two guineas, while the knitted hood also sketched costs 7s. 11d.

A shirt blouse has many uses for ski-ers, as it may be worn under a wind jacket or with a house coat. The one above is made from an Austrian wool print with eidelweiss and mountain flowers. It is cut with a wide pleat down the back and costs 37s. 6d. at Gordon Lowe's, 23, Brompton Arcade, S.W.3

"Swankee" boots, like gouties or snow-boots, are very useful for changing into after ski-ing, or wearing over dance shoes. They are covered in red velveteen trimmed with white fur, and cost 16s. 9d. a pair at Selfridge's

Golf Clubs at Home

Bush Hill Park

The Bush Hill Park golf club is situated on the summit and slopes of Bush Hill at the southern extremity of Enfield, and was formerly a portion of Enfield Old Park. As its name implies, it offers park type of golf and the club-house is extremely well appointed, almost palatial, in fact, having been the mansion of the estate. The course extends round eighteen holes, has a length of five thousand yards and a standard scratch score of 69

A View of the Club-house

(1) S. Burrows (treasurer), H. C. Grinham (secretary), L. Shillingford (ex-captain). (2) R. E. Payne, Paddy Derrett and E. R. M. Macguire. (3) W. G. Wright (president and ex-captain). (4) H. J. Teare (captain). (5) F. H. Talbot (committee). (6) H. F. Gatward (committee). (7) G. W. Whitworth and S. R. B. Love (ex-captains). (8) B. O. Stevens. (9) S. B. Davis, P. G. Wyatt (professional), W. W. Murdoch, S. M. Skottowe

Arlington Row, Bibury. A Cotswold village beside a clear trout stream—the River Colne—with a reputation as 'surely the most beautiful village in England.' The cottages forming Arlington Row are in true Cotswold style and are preserved by the National Trust.
Route from London—Beaconsfield, High Wycombe, Stokenchurch, Wheatley Bridge, Oxford (by-pass), Witney, Burford, Bibury. 85 miles.

SPECIALS . . . Some makes of car announce 'special' models—for which a higher price is asked. If you will carefully compare their performance and specification with the perfectly standard M.G. you will make an interesting discovery. On every point the M.G. competes more than favourably with these 'specials'—but doesn't cost as much.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

***Flat out** at anything up to forty miles an hour, and exposed to wind and weather, Mr. R. J. G. Nash was photographed in a 1900 Peugeot on an old crocks' day at Brooklands. Vintage cars are in demand to-day for film work, advertising schemes and old crock races like this*

NEXT Sunday the R.A.C. Veteran Car Run to Brighton will take place. This is one of those typically British events which are at once the envy and despair of foreigners, to whom it merely justifies our title of "Mad Englishmen"—but actually it is an indictment of those same foreigners that such a fixture should be thus regarded by them; for of all the motoring events of the year, this one—to my way of thinking—is the most truly sporting, for there are no valuable prizes to be won, and no particular glory attaches to those successfully reaching Brighton.

The object of the old cars' pilgrimage each year from London to Brighton is to commemorate the great day in November, 1896, when the man with the red flag was finally abolished and cars were permitted to travel on the public highway at more than two miles per hour.

Despite the fact that no car of less than thirty-three years of age may compete in this year's run, a record entry of no fewer than 116 of these veteran cars has been received, the most ancient of all being a two-cylinder Cannstatt Daimler, which was manufactured in 1894, and thus is in its forty-fourth year!

AT least two of the cars competing next Sunday actually took part in the original Emancipation Day Run forty-one years ago, while many of the others have histories which are full of interest.

A 1901 Foster steam-wagon, for example, has a burner with 1000 jets, whilst a pressure of 200 lb. is maintained in the boiler when this remarkable relic is on the move. One of the earliest cars is a Hurtu dog-cart built in 1896, fitted with a single-cylinder engine, and belt-and-chain transmission. There is a Wolseley which is the identical car that won a first prize in the R.A.C. 1000 Miles Reliability Trial in 1900; and a 1903 Lanchester is the original of the famous "Decapod" in Kipling's *Steam Tactics*. A 1901 De Dion was discovered in Crewe in 1934. Apparently it had broken down in that town exactly thirty years ago and had been abandoned. A tree had to be cut down to get it out of the derelict shed in which it had originally been hidden away. An 1898 Beeston tricycle represents the earliest days of the great Humber Company.

Many of these old cars have been used on farms for years to drive chaff-cutters, and so forth, whilst quite a few have spent the last quarter of a century forgotten, half-buried, overgrown with grass and weeds, used only as nesting-places by rats. They have been hunted out by their present owners, and, with infinite patience and labour, restored to their original condition and made fit once again to take the road.

THE permission of H.M. Office of Works has been obtained for next Sunday's run to start from the neighbourhood of the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park.

The first, and oldest of the cars will be despatched at 8.30 a.m., the remainder

(*Concluded on page* ii)

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FOR HIS WORLD'S 12 HR. RECORD HE USED THE SAME "BP" ETHYL AS SOLD FROM THE PUMP

The Technical Department of the Automobile Association certifies that the "BP" Ethyl petrol shipped to Utah in drums sealed by them was exactly the same as that sold throughout the country from "BP" Ethyl Pumps

BP ETHYL

IT BANISHES PINKING AND GIVES THE HIGHEST SPEED

Sheep Market dated 1698 at Minchinhampton

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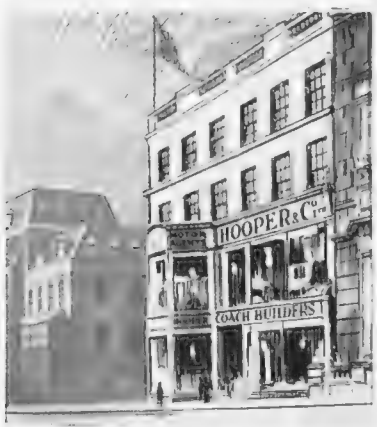

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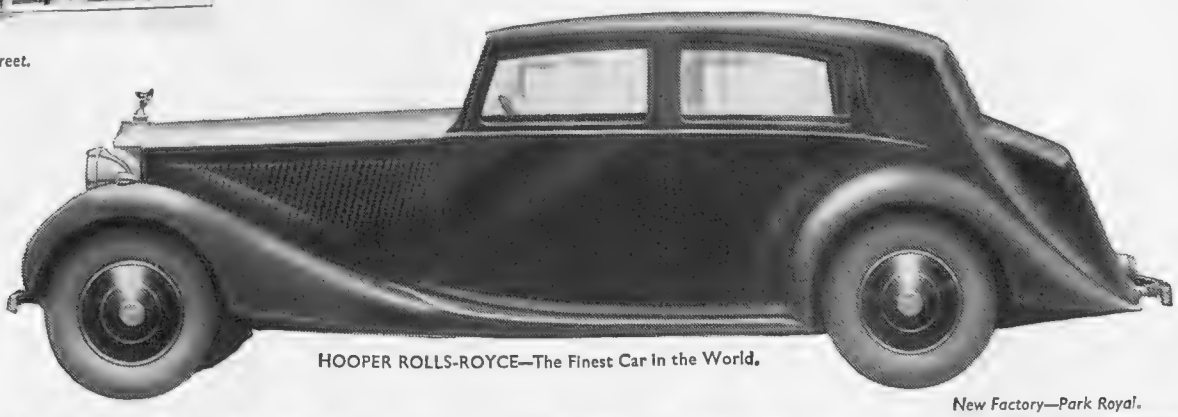

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Kennington Service

The Austin 18-h.p. "Windsor" Saloon

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page 272)*

following in chronological order at half-minute intervals. The cars will run at schedule speeds graded according to their age, that for the earliest (1894-1896) being fixed at 10 m.p.h., ranging upwards to 18 m.p.h. for the 1903 and 1904 models. The main road from London to Brighton will be followed, and there will be a compulsory stop for rest and replenishments at the South Down coach station near Crawley. Those cars that manage to complete the journey will be checked in on the Madeira Drive at Brighton during the afternoon.

HARDLY had the overwrought motor-salesmen recovered from the Earl's Court Motor Exhibition, when their peculiarly varied show-time activities began all over again at the Scottish Motor Show at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow.

Pumps that calculate with the efficiency of a chartered accountant how much you have to pay for the petrol you buy form one of the attractions of the Esso stand at this Scottish Motor Show.

Another feature which has attracted widespread interest is the fine scale-model of an oil-derrick associated with the Esso Company's enterprise in the great search for oil in Britain. Additional interest is lent to this exhibit by the fact that the search for oil in Britain now brings the proprietors of Esso to Scotland, and the equipment shown in this diorama is being moved to Dalkeith.

AS in racing, so, too, in touring practice, the 1938 cars are lighter in relation to h.p. than ever before—and this although, almost without exception, the new touring-car bodies are bigger.

The production of lighter engines, chassis and bodies has, in the past, been one of the major problems of the motor industry. Acceleration, hill-climbing, petrol consumption and depreciation are all vitally affected by the weight factor, and it is only comparatively recently that improved design and the development of new aluminium alloys and further extension in the use of aluminium for body-work are solving the problem.

Aluminium has been the outstanding metal at the 1937 shows. Light alloy pistons are almost universal. The aluminium cylinder-head, gear-box and crankcase are becoming increasingly popular, whilst light alloy cylinder-blocks and brake-drums have now been adopted by several prominent manufacturers. One car at Earl's Court actually had a cast aluminium alloy chassis—the first of its kind ever to be produced.

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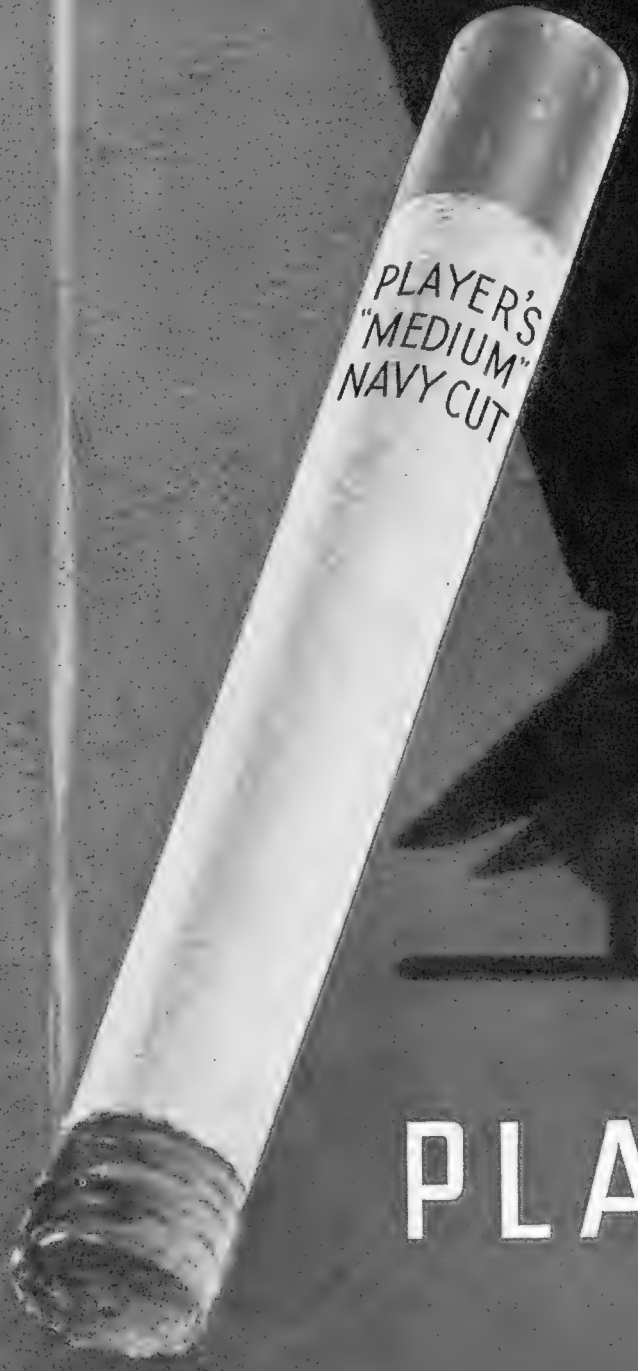
'TIPS' AND TAILS



Bright lights and airy chatter .... and over the cocktails whispered confidences mingling with the latest dance rhythm .... capped, almost invariably, with Player's Cork Tipped, 'Medium' or 'Mild' as preferred

PLAYER'S PLEASE

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

NCC 370E

Progress : By Charles Ward

ONE of the most interesting announcements for some time is that Imperial Airways have ordered a number of De Havilland Albatross aeroplanes for service on the Continental routes, for whatever engines are installed, it is likely that this will be the fastest aeroplane operating on regular routes.

Eighteen years ago, when civil aviation was just beginning to emerge from the chaos of war-flying, London to Paris inside the hour would have sounded like a dream; now it has come to pass, so swiftly does air travel move. The milestones of progress have flashed past us, to-day's wonder becoming commonplace almost before we could take advantage of it.

The world's air lines now exceed 300,000 miles. Of these, Imperial Airways are responsible for 30,000 miles of European and Empire routes. Eighteen years ago—and to some of us it seems only the other day—the first aeroplane, a Vickers Vimy, blazed the trail to Australia. Now, a day-and-night service to bring Australia within a week of England is already in sight.

Eighteen years have also seen a pageant of progress across the North Atlantic; from the perilous pioneer flights of the years immediately following the war, flights are now being made to schedule across this all-important ocean route.

One of the many facts which emerge from the recent North Atlantic survey flights is the valuable nature of the assistance which was rendered to Imperial Airways' flying-boats by ships on the ocean routes. On each occasion before the Cambria and the Caledonia began their respective crossings, the position was ascertained of all surface vessels likely to be useful to the flying-boats for wireless contact purposes. Then, prior to each flight, preliminary notices were broadcast to shipping, thus enabling wireless operators in surface craft to be on the look-out for signals from the flying-boats. Ships contacted by the flying-boats reported their positions. More than once, after a ship and a flying-boat had been in wireless communication with each other, those in the flying-boat actually sighted the vessels in question on the Atlantic below, and visual as well as wireless signals were exchanged

This American "flying tricycle," so called, has been acquired by K.L.M. to accustom their pilots to their new giant four-engined air liners which will have similar landing gear. It is the Stearman-Hammond Model Y, and said to be one of the safest aeroplanes ever built

News in Brief

MR. GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND, junior, has been appointed chief test pilot of the de Havilland Aircraft Company in succession to the late Mr. R. J. Waight. Geoffrey De Havilland joined the Company in 1928 at the age of eighteen, spending three years in the works as an apprentice, and learning to fly at the R.A.F. Reserve School at Stag Lane.

The Air Ministry has compiled and issued its fifth memorandum for pilots undertaking long-distance flights. Pilots considering making such flights should make themselves acquainted with the contents of these important documents

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MOTORISTS & QUALITY CARS

A FEW, at the present time, possess superlative performance — but lack adequate accommodation.

SOME provide luxury transport — but with uninspiring performance.

OTHERS, mostly imported, are admirable for the compromise they have achieved.

BUT-with the exception of the Twelve-cylinder Lagonda*-THERE IS TODAY NO CAR which, in one and the same chassis, COMBINES, in infinite variety, ALL the points of ALL other desirable motor cars.

* Lagonda 12-cylinder Saloon de Ville £1625
11 foot wheelbase

LAGONDA MOTORS LTD, STAINES, MIDDLESEX. TEL.: STAINES 1122 (5 lines)

By Proxy

(Continued from page 250)

"He's lucky," he observed. "Maybe he had a sweeter death than what I had waiting for him."

The woman, shivering from head to foot, said nothing.

"There's only one thing I want from you, Lizzie," Lefty went on threateningly, "but I want it quick. You two sure played me for the blind sucker I was. Where are the stones?" He slipped the gun neatly from his armpit.

The woman's voice had gone, so that it was barely audible. "Upstairs," she managed to whisper, pointing overhead with a hand that shook like a leaf. "I kept your share for you, Lefty, all this time."

"Like hell you did," snarled Lefty with an ugly grin.

"I'll get them for you," came her terrified whisper, with eyes on the pointing gat in his hand, as she began to move. After a moment's hesitation, Lefty decided to let her go alone. Knowing her as he did, he felt her terror was real, and instinct assured him there was no man in the house.

"And move fast," he told her savagely, fingering his gun. "No funny stuff, either, or you'll get what's coming to you," he added, with a flood of blasphemy, as he watched her backing clumsily up the stairs. 'Too hot to cash in, I suppose," he threw after her, referring to the stones, "too hot for a —— —— like you!"

A nasty expression ran down his lop-sided face like a streak of fire or poison. He watched her go, counting each step as she stumbled up, yet his eyes simultaneously everywhere in turn, his ears intent for the slightest suspicious sound. He said no further word. He felt certain she still had the stones, or some of them, and would bring them down, He saw her turn the corner along the dark, narrow landing, and when she was out of sight, though still listening closely to the sound of her footsteps, he turned away and looked cautiously about him.

A door faced him, and he flung it wide open with a rapid sudden gesture, but he did not enter the room till he was quite certain it was empty. He saw a fire burning in the grate, a round table in the centre with books lying open and a few children's toys. A wooden elephant, a golliwog, a tiny aeroplane, lay beneath his eyes. A child's room, obviously.

"She's got a kid, I do believe," darted across his mind. "And Shearer's, by God, unless I'm crazy!"

He was surprised at himself. After all this time—what could it possibly matter? But—it did matter. For the blood in his veins boiled up till it almost frothed. Never before had he felt such a storm of wild, animal rage. Ungovernable fury rose in him, yet with it something cold as ice, a combination that made the blood ebb and flow strangely, making the scar across his face a livid streak, the face itself a devil's face.

He listened. Overhead he could hear her shuffling about, drawers being opened, furniture moved, but there was no one with her, and only one pair of feet went stumbling across that upper floor. He was quite positive of that. He kept his wolf's ears divided between that upper floor, the corridor outside and the front-door step. His gat was ready pointing for instant use if needed.

Then a door opened suddenly in the hall, and he froze to attention.

"Mummie, where are you?"

(Concluded on page viii)

"Snug as a Motoluxe Rug"

There is an air of quiet dignity . . . an atmosphere of luxury associated with a Motoluxe Motor rug. It gives comforting warmth without bulkiness, and colourings are obtainable which will tone with any shade of upholstery.

At the standard price of 5 guineas it is an excellent investment in comfort, and will remain an asset to the appearance of your car for all time.

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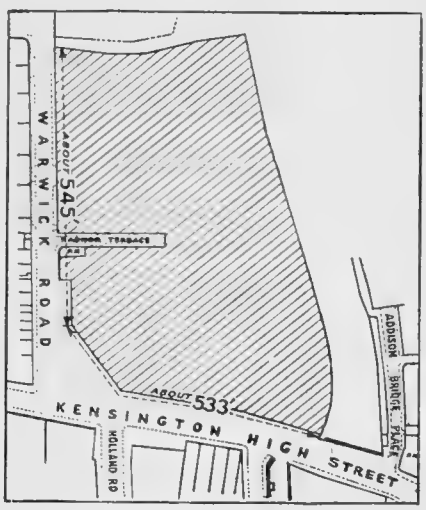

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By Proxy *(Continued from page vi)*

The reply came down: "In a minute, darling! Coming!" And a little boy entered the room, smiling and unafraid.

"Are you the new lodger?" asked the little fellow, as he looked the tall stranger over with a fearless eye.

"Well, no—I guess not," said Lefty in his gentlest voice. "I just called in to see your ma. You see," he added, "I used to know her a long time back."

The child listened with rather an examining expression, then turned his eyes to his toys on the table.

"Look what she gave me for my birfday," he exclaimed proudly, unearthing something Lefty had not noticed before among the others. "A real pistol, like they have in the movies. Isn't it grand? Hands up, or I shoot!" he added, trying to look fierce and determined.

Lefty was watching the child closely, his face working.

"Why, say!" he cried, "isn't that just fine! It covers the heart every time, don't it just!"

"You bet it does," laughed the child, playing with it.

And Lefty knew. The same eyes, the same ears, the same set of the head upon the neck. It was Shearer's kid all right. The child of his pal, the pal who had stolen his wife, his share of the jewel-robbery as well, and skipped, leaving him, Lefty, to dodge the cops and make his get-away as best he could without a cent. There was no doubt about it in his mind. The proof faced him here and now, and his blood rose to its maximum of bitter fury. Only one idea lay in his being—revenge.

He heard Lizzie's footsteps stumbling down the stairs.

"Quick," he said to the boy, with a smile, taking his gun from his pocket, "we 'll play your mother a grand trick. It 's a great idea. You take my pistol—it 's just a toy like yours, only heavier and bigger—and when she comes in you just point it at her and cry, 'Hands up, you villain!' and then fire. And she 'll fall down and pretend to be dead just like they do in the movies. And then I 'll arrest you, and we 'll all laugh together! What d' you say, boy—eh?"

"Oh, that 'll be fun!" cried the boy, eagerly taking the automatic Lefty handed to him.

"It sure will," agreed Lefty, putting the catch at ready.

"Why, it 's ever so much heavier than mine," said the little fellow admiringly.

"Sure. It 's the latest toy-model," Lefty told him. "Hold it steady against that book now. There! That 's fine. Then point straight, and pull the trigger quick, remember. It 'll go quite easy!"

The woman came in with a large envelope in her hand. "Here they are," she whispered, glancing a moment at her child as though in uneasy surprise.

"Hands up, you villain!" she heard in the boy's excited voice.

The pistol cracked. She slithered to the floor, the envelope fell towards Lefty's feet. He stared at it a moment, watching the blood pouring from the woman's mouth, then swiftly picked it up, stuffed it into his pocket, and passed out into the hall. The pistol he deliberately left behind him. A moment later he was lost in the fog outside, the excited laughter of the boy still ringing in his ears.

"Shearer's kid," he muttered, wiping the icy perspiration from his forehead. "And serve her damn well right! She got what was coming to her at last!" But he was trembling from head to foot.

He moved fast, soon entering Gorston Square. He would find a room to-morrow. The fog was thicker than ever. So much the better, he thought, clutching the big envelope tightly in his pocket and feeling the hard edges of what it contained. There was no single pedestrian about, though he heard again the tapping of that blind man's stick as he fumbled along by the icy railings. And this time he did not like the sound. A violent shiver ran over him. At the corner two other lost pedestrians came towards him. They slipped up uncomfortably close, one on either side. Too late he realised the meaning of that blind man's tapping stick. There was a swift gleam of steel. His hand, whipping to his arm-pit, found it empty—too late again, for he had lent his gun to a little boy. The two figures vanished in the fog, but Lefty lay quite still against the icy railings.

THE END

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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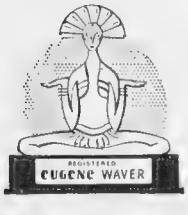

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CVS—25

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Cannons of Hollywood

Jane Stephenson

Is the daughter of the late Sir Guy Stephenson and Lady Stephenson, of Friendly Green, Cowden, Kent, and will be married in December to Captain Richard J. Streatfeild, R.A., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Streatfeild: he is Private Secretary to the Queen, and Extra Groom-in-Waiting to the King

Fayer of Vienna

Marion Hester Cameron

Is the younger daughter of Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel and Lady Hermione Cameron, of Achnacarry, Spean Bridge, Inverness. She is engaged to Ronald Archibald Orr-Ewing, eldest son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Norman Orr-Ewing, Bt., and Lady Orr-Ewing, of Lennoxbank, Dumbartonshire, and Cardross, Stirling

Lenare

Suzanne Patricia Macassey

Is engaged to the Hon. John Howard, younger son of the Earl of Effingham and Mrs. Rosamond Palmer; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Macassey, of 72a, Longridge Road, S.W.5

Elliott and Fry

Pamela Drew

Is to marry Lord Rathdonnell, of Lisnavagh, Rathvilly, Co. Carlow, on November 25th, at Heversham, Westmorland. She is the eldest daughter of the late John Drew, and Mrs. Drew, of Eversley, Milnthorpe, Westmorland

Fayer of Vienna

Lucia St. Maur

Is engaged to Edward Gosling, Royal Dragoons, second son of Major and Lady Victoria Gosling, of Hassobury, Bishop's Stortford. She is the daughter of the late Lord and Lady Percy St. Maur, and lives at Wilcot Manor, Marlborough

Lenare

Alison Ann Wilson

Is the daughter of Colonel the Hon. Guy and Mrs. Wilson, of Tixover Grange, Stamford, and is engaged to John Edmund Swetenham, Royal Inniskillings, eldest son of the late Major Foster Swetenham and Lady Jessel, of Ladham House, Goudhurst, Kent

Lenare

The Hon. Ruth Dawnay

Left: Ruth Dawnay is Viscount Downe's sister; she announced her engagement last month to Archie Scott, son of the late J. H. Scott and Mrs. Scott, of Eredine, Argyll. Their wedding will be at Hillington, Norfolk

Right: Pamela Phillimore is engaged to Michael Clifton, son of the late John Talbot Clifton, of Lytham Hall, Lytham, St. Anne's, and Kildalton Castle, Isle of Islay. She is the daughter of the late Capt. Paul Phillimore, 17th Lancers, and Mrs. Cunningham, of 175, Queen's Gate

Hay Wrightson

Pamela Phillimore

Patricia Clarke

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clarke, of 306, Frobisher House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1, and has announced her engagement to John de Merse Leonard, elder son of Mr. George B. Leonard, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A.

Lenare

Helen Hance

Helen Irene Minnie Hance, daughter of Captain J. E. Hance and Mrs. Hance, of Southbury House, Malvern, is engaged to Charles Richard Whittington, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whittington, of The Flint House, Goring Heath, Oxfordshire

Catherine Bell

Anne Boothby

Is engaged to Captain Hugo Isacke, R.E., elder son of Major-General and Mrs. Hubert Isacke, of Polhampton, Overton, Hants.; she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. B. Boothby, of 174, Oakwood Court, W.14

Dorothy Wilding

Mary Katharine Corbett

Is the elder daughter of the late Eric Corbett and Mrs. Corbett, of Gorse Hill, Witley, Surrey; she is engaged to R. Stewart Crawford, only son of Sir William and Lady Crawford, of Heath House, Turner Drive, N.W.11

Maples — Olive

Thomas Cradock Maples, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Maples, of 12, Cleveland Square, W.2, and Hazel Mary Olive, youngest daughter of the late Leonard Olive and Mrs. Olive, of 4, Pembroke Vale, Clifton, Bristol, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Scott — Jefferson Hogg

At St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, the Rev. Walter Sidney Scott, only son of Mr. Walter Scott, K.C., and Mrs. Scott, of Holywell Park, Dundrum, Co. Dublin, married Margaret Jefferson Hogg, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Jefferson Hogg, of 59, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.

Roney — Barham

Esmond Richard Roney, younger son of Sir Ernest and Lady Roney, of 4, South Side, Wimbledon Common, and Muriel Barham, elder daughter of the late Walter Barham and Mrs. Barham, of Salesmere, Tunbridge Wells, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Hanbury-Tracy — King

Michael David Charles Hanbury-Tracy, Scots Guards, elder son of the late Hon. Felix Hanbury-Tracy and Mrs. Caryl Hargreaves, of 26, Portman Square, W., and Mrs. Colline Ammabel King, only daughter of Mrs. C. G. S. St. Hill, of 4, Walton Street, S.W., were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Goyder — Bosanquet

George Armin Goyder, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. William Goyder, of Cedar Cottage, Burwood Park, Walton-on-Thames, married Rosemary Bosanquet at Rock, near Alnwick, Northumberland. She is the younger daughter of the late Robert Carr Bosanquet and Mrs. Bosanquet, of Rock Moor, near Alnwick

McDermott — Fleming

Geoffrey Lyster McDermott and Ruth Fleming were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the son of the late Captain J. W. McDermott and Mrs. McDermott, of Snaresbrook Hall, Essex; she is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. P. M. Fleming, of Highclere, Hale, Cheshire

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 17 — November 23

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier, Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CYMBELINE.—Shaw has adapted Shakespeare's play: Embassy, 8.15.

GHOSTS.—The Buxton production of Ibsen's gloomiest, with Marie Ney, Stephen Murray, and Clifford Evans as Oswald: Vaudeville, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HABIMAH PLAYERS.—This celebrated company from Tel-Aviv gives a repertory season in Yiddish: Savoy, 8.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD III.—Emlyn Williams gives one of his psychological twists to the royal villain of Shakespeare's melodrama: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SILENT KNIGHT.—Set in the fifteenth century, it gives Diana Wynyard and Ralph Richardson full parts, and some lovely scenic effects: St. James's, 8.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CRAZY DAYS.—Good economic humour and slapstick well up to Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino's standard: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety Company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S IN THE BAG.—Brightly coloured and ingenious musical will make a pleasant and not taxing evening; Elisabeth Welch, Gene Sheldon: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER.—Irene Eisinger, Arthur Margetson, Nora Swinburne lead a strong cast in a tuneful and clever piece about Frans Hals: Adelphi. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 98.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RHAPSODY ON ICE.—A new form of entertainment partly successful and partly pleasing, arises from skaters trying the ballet: Covent Garden, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Basil Foster and Ethel Glendinning as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Jean Scott

Is already well known on the wireless and in films, and her recitations of verse and prose have extended to pulpits and prisons. She is now one of the verse-speakers in the scheme for bringing poetry to public houses

IT'S YOU I WANT.—Seymour Hicks makes a bright success of a farce whose chief advantage is his acting and Miss Jane Carr's: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAST STRAW.—Marius Goring in another gruesome thriller, baulked of revenge on Oxford hearties by Lucie Mannheim, who also produced the play: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WANTED FOR MURDER.—An ingenious thriller gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence de Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

IT'S A WISE CHILD.—Eugene O'Neill's play is about love and a lie: Garrick, Thurs., 18th.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—This Eugene O'Neill has a grim and exciting story to tell: Westminster, Fri., 19th.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in a play by St. John Ervine: Globe, Tues., 23rd.

CINEMAS

ANGEL (American).—Lubitsch directed this kindly and enlightened triangle between Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas: Plaza.

DOUBLE WEDDING (American).—William Powell and Myrna Loy in another and even crazier matrimonial comedy: Empire.

DR. SYN (British).—George Arliss is Russell Thorndike's smuggling parson in a melodrama of Dymchurch v. Excise Men. New Gallery.

IT'S ALL YOURS (American).—Francis Lederer and Madeleine Carroll in this: Regal.

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (American).—A magnificent and noble film with a very human and very living portrait by Paul Muni in the name part: Carlton.

LOVELY TO LOOK AT (American).—Sonja Henie's second picture, with Tyrone Power, is about a conference at a Swiss hotel: Tivoli.

NITCHEVO (French).—Harry Baur gives a fine performance opposite Marcelle Chantal in this story of gun-running and submarines: Berkeley.

OH, MR. PORTER (British).—Will Hay's newest rôle is a railway employé and has some engines in support: Gaumont.

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN (French).—Sacha Guitry has launched into history in a big way with an Anglo-French cast including Jacqueline Delubac, Yvette Pienne, Lyn Harding: Curzon.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (American).—Worth-while remake with Ronald Colman and Fairbanks, Junior, Raymond Massey as a very Black Michael, Madeleine Carroll: Odeon.

LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR (French).—Sacha Guitry and Jacqueline Delubac in a subtly humorous film from his book about a trickster: Academy.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT (British).—Jack Buchanan has a new lead in Mara Loseff, and musical support from Rawicz and Landauer in his own gay production: Leicester Square (from Friday).

THE SQUEAKER (British).—Edmund Lowe acts Edgar Wallace's famous character in this: London Pavilion.

OPERA AND BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

IL TABARRO and I PAGLIACCI.—To-night, 17th, 8.
AÏDA.—Thurs., 18th, 7.45.
LA BOHÈME.—Fri., 19th, 8.
WEDDING BOUQUET, CHECKMATE, LES RENDEZVOUS.—Sat., 20th, 2.30.
IL TABARRO and I PAGLIACCI.—Sat., 20th, 8.
LES RENDEZVOUS, APPARITIONS, AURORA PAS DE DEUX, FAÇADE.—Tues., 23rd. 8.30.

CONCERTS

B.B.C.—Boult conducts in Mozart's Haffner serenade, Donald Tovey's 'cello concerto (Pau Casals): Queen's Hall, to-night, 17th, 8.15.

ÆOLUS CONCERT.—Le Quatuor de Saxophones de Paris in a classical and romantic programme: Grotrian Hall, to-night, 17th, 8.45.

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in a Haydn, Elgar, Delius, Rachmaninoff programme: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 18th, 8.15.

PRAGUE STRING QUARTET.—Second Dvorak programme: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 18th, 8.30.

MAYER CHILDREN'S CONCERT.—Sargent conducts the L.S.O. in a light classic programme: Central Hall, Westminster, Sat., 20th, 11 a.m.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. in Mozart, Berlioz, Handel, Tchaikowsky, Brahms: Covent Garden. 21st, 3.15.

NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE.—Wood conducts the New Symphony Orchestra, with Moiseiwitsch as soloist, in a Tchaikowsky programme: Palladium, 21st, 3.15.

CONCERTS-COLONNE ORCHESTRA.—Paul Paray conducts in a French programme: Queen's Hall, Mon., 22nd, 8.15.

L.S.O.—Stanley Chapple conducts, Mischa Elman is soloist, in Beethovens' violin concerto, Elgar's allegro for strings, Brahms' 4th Symphony: Queen's Hall. Tues., 23rd, 8.30.

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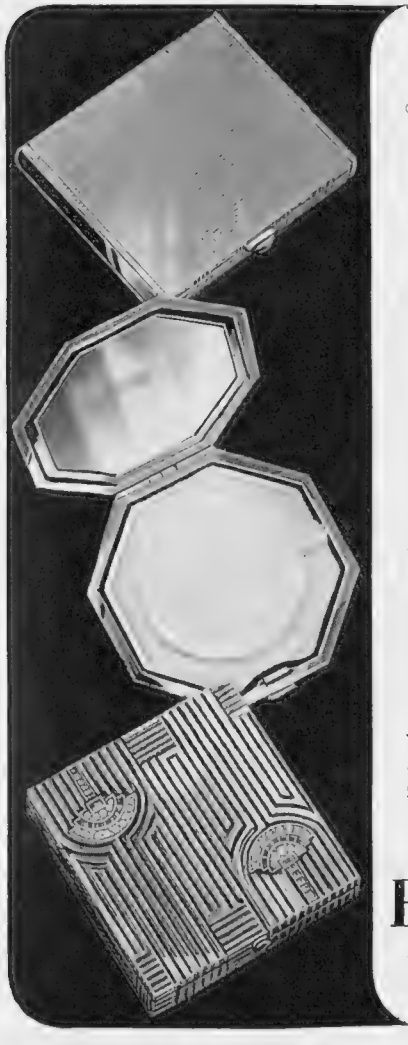

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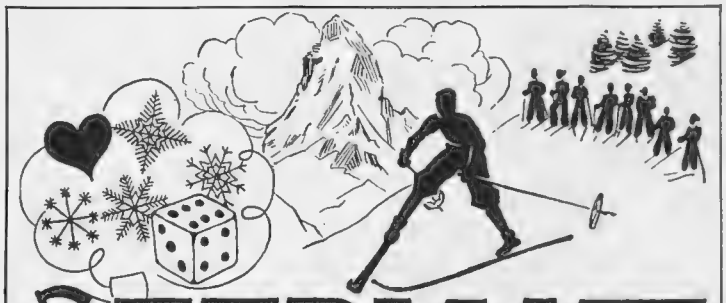

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Recapturing the Alps : By Sylva Norman

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?

So Shakespeare's wily Bolingbroke complained when he was banished. No one was ordering him so far afield as the Caucasus, but, indeed, his rival of Norfolk had no more gracious an opinion of "the frozen ridges of the Alps"—

Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.

For "inhabitable" we are instructed to read "uninhabitable." But, whatever our habitation, we have improved in our habits. What Englishman to-day would dare to set his foot on the frozen Alps, and ruin a good surface ? He sets his ski on them. If not an expert, he will set large tracts of his anatomy on them, and be none the worse for it. The hot-headed Dukes were at a disadvantage. Exiled centuries too soon from a foggy and sunless climate, they had no idea how many of us would be queuing-up each year to banish ourselves eagerly to their frozen ridges. A fire ? Undoubtedly we hold one ; not in our hands, but in our hearts and heads whenever we picture the prospect. The mingling of frost and fire is one of the Alpine miracles. It has to be felt to be believed.

To this day, the ducal attitude of repugnance is displayed by those who hug their artificial home-fires all the winter, shivering at the bare notion of perpetual snow. They distrust the sunburnt sportsman with his tales of lying bare-armed on a mountain in January. He must have cheated. *Snow*, they would define if they were writing a dictionary, is usually grey, and mostly slushy, and a sure indicator of inclement weather. Guess again ! *Snow*, says the handbook to ski-ing—but it doesn't, it says *snowcraft*, and proceeds to a careful discussion of the varieties of snow and how it should be treated. *Snow*, sings the downward-racing novice ecstatically—and would write an ode on it, if he weren't so fully occupied rolling his prostrate body round and heaving his tangled skis into a position from which the law of gravity will let him rise. The last thing we believe in is contempt of snow. But let the sceptics keep their scepticism ; one day they may discover for themselves.

Nor is it only the first discovery that entrances ; the marvel is repeated every winter. Thank goodness we don't easily outgrow that feeling of mixed joy and sheepishness as we arrive in the misty gloom of Victoria, and register our skis. What if this time the miracle fails ? What if those reports of "forty inches and still snowing" were sent to deceive us ? The Channel is slaty ; France is as grey as England. For the most part we sleep through the French plains, atrociously, with hopes of higher things. Next morning we are actually in Switzerland, and our hearts are in our ski-boots ; Switzerland has so obviously failed us—there is only a thin powdering of snow. The land looks dead, inhospitable, parched ; the train is overheated ; we suspect horridly that our skis have never crossed the frontier, but lie mouldering in a luggage-van at Bâle. What does it matter, anyway ? We are too tired to imagine ourselves ski-ing. This is the valley of the shadow, but it yields a junction, and presently we drag our hobnailed hearts into the mountain train and start the upward journey.

To die and go to Paradise could hardly be more vivid (and here we run no risk of a rebuff, provided rooms are booked). Our spirits and the train climb up together ; the ballast of weariness is bit by bit thrown out ; for the slopes around have their counterpane of clean snow, furrowed at whiles by a dancing, brisk cascade and flanked by a pine wood. The last tuft of brownish grass, the few bare rocks, are passed and left below. Here 's the first ski track, a crisp, curving double line, ending with two circular imprints where the ski-er rested on his sticks. And there are two with skis on. Ha ! she 's taken a toss, and he has left her to it (there 's no false gallantry in the Alps) while he shoots on and brakes with a sharp christie. Here 's the sun, too, flickering patiently through the topmost pines of the high south-eastern ridge. It has made a jewelled filigree of their branches ; then, with a golden crash, the full chorus of its rays breaks out across the sparkling snow slopes and joyously invades the train.

There is half an hour to go yet ; but thoughts in the sun are different. One begins recalling, half in expectation, some of the private gleams of former years. How one day, at the head of a valley where no ski-ers went, we came upon a lonely chapel raised on a mound of blossoming frost-flowers which proved, on clumsier acquaintance, to be God's fair but treacherous covering for a crust of ice. How we went tearing down a toboggan-run on skis with yells of "Achtung !" How we lost one of our party in the mountains on the last day of December, searched anxiously in a thickening blizzard and hallooed his name into the silent dark, despaired, came down at nightfall—and found him blissfully drinking gluwein in the hotel lounge. How on an evening in the treeless Arlberg heights we danced and danced around a tiny, festive room where the band played on for half an hour without respite, and the door opened straight upon the moonlight to admit white gusts of solidified air that pushed in with the dancers. And how, after consuming bowls of chocolate in the Gasthaus of a Romansch village, while the local sleighmen smoked their covered pipes; we glided homeward down a twilit valley, no sounds reaching us but the tinkle of a phantom sleigh-bell and the muffled fall of snow from a weary pine.

These are the lucky, unadvertised enchantments that have no place in official programmes. We could multiply them endlessly ; clear and vivid as their Alpine climate, they can be kept to dream over on foggy days at home. For the moment, back they go into memory's archives, while we set out to collect another batch. The train has arrived ; our skis, by a triumph of organisation, are already on the platform, the hotel has provided a ducal lunch, the practice slopes are ironed into ice-hills (and behold the resolute battalions looping downward from their morning class) ; but "upstairs," adventurers tell us, it has been snowing, and those who are off for an afternoon expedition will see their long shadows hastening before them over a well-known and much-traversed wilderness that has smoothed out its wrinkles in the amber sunlight, and looks all unexplored.

• "BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

Holidays in the Snow

Some Winter Sports Advice

By C. E. W. Mackintosh

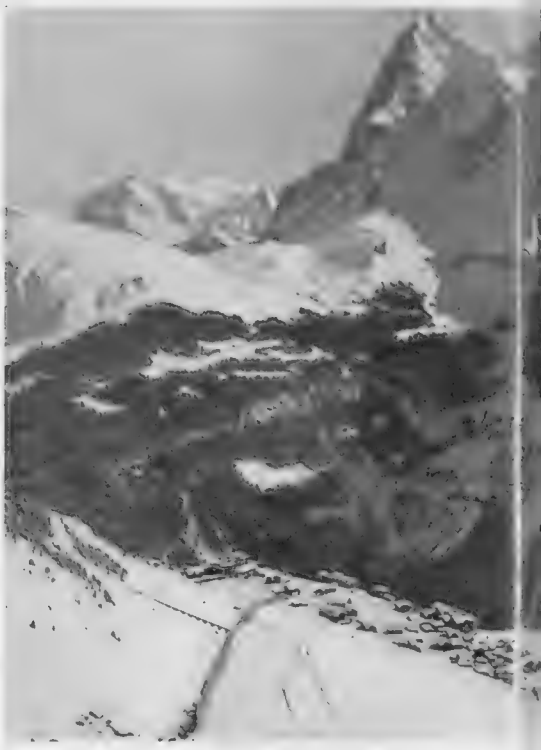
Kitzbühl, the Tyrolean village with so much charm

EVERYBODY is becoming snow-minded again and the big question is where to go.

A bird's-eye view of the terrain gives a choice of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy and France. In every case a holiday is now infinitely cheaper owing to the improved value of the pound, in terms of all these currencies, with the least change in Austria, which had devalued some years ago.

It will be very difficult to get accommodation anywhere in the high season: Swiss Federal Railways, Italian State Tourist Department, Cook's and Lunn's all announce record enquiries for winter sports; their programmes are all out and give very full detailed information.

HERE are the factors to bear in mind when you make your choice. Some places are fashionable and consequently more expensive; some have funiculars, some are near big towns and rather crowded at week-ends; to some you can travel by car. The life in the "one-big-hotel" resort is very different from the "several-big-hotels" resort. The existence of a well-organised British Ski Club has great advantages from the point of view of ski-ing companions, if



Mürren looks into the Lauterbrunnen valley

Wengen perches between the mountains and the Lauterbrunnen valley

The Matterhorn dominates every Zermatt run

Sestrière, Italy's best-known ski-ing centre

Arosa lies in a sunny, sheltered valley

you are in a party of people whose standards vary a good deal.

Again, according to your age and aspirations, you must choose a school and study the character of the ground on which you are to learn. The Ski School plays a very important rôle in winter resorts. It has revolutionised the standard of ski-running. Some years ago there were only two centres with recognised schools, both teaching by different methods—namely, the Arlberg and the Mürren schools. To-day there are forty-four schools in Switzerland alone and as many more in other countries. In this respect beginners have a great advantage over their predecessors, for they are quite certain to be able to ski up to a reasonable standard within fourteen days.

IN making up your mind where to go, you must consider the characteristics of the following centres, and although only a few can be taken, those which are leaders of their category have been selected.

ST. MORITZ is the leading sports centre; no branch of winter sports is neglected by day or night, and the nights are long. Horse-racing, the Cresta run, modern funiculars, ice hockey and bob-sleighing are all catered for with royal generosity.

For fashion, MÜRREN, SCHEIDEGG and SESTRIÈRE follow in more humble style, but offer in every case the finest grade of ski-ing and a gaily-organised life.

For quieter resorts with all facilities and, if not fashionable, very popular, come WENGEN and MORGINS. At either you can thoroughly enjoy yourself without spending any large sum of money.

(*Concluded on page* P)

St. Moritz is the cosmopolitan capital of the winter sports world

• "BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

Nor Life Nor Limb: By Peter Lunn

My friend shrugged his shoulders: "Anyone can do it," he said, "who cares for neither his life nor his limbs."

It was just after the 1937 World's Ski Championships at Chamonix, and my friend, a member of the French team, was discussing the performances of the Italians. There was in the Downhill Course one particularly villainous slope which all the Italians had taken straight: that is, without doing any checking to take off speed None of the other competitors had attempted such a reckless feat, and, as my friend remarked, if it had been possible to take that slope straight, the French, whose home course it was, would have done so.

Rumour explained the fantastic recklessness of the Italians by saying that they raced on the assumption that, if all four members of the Italian team took very long risks, one of them would probably reach the finishing posts, and that one would almost certainly do very well. In the Chamonix World's Championships, all four Italians had taken the steep slope straight, all four had fallen at the same spot, and only two had been in a condition to continue. As my friend pointed out, anyone could do it who cared for neither his life nor his limbs.

Is it possible to compete successfully in international downhill races to-day without devoting one's whole life to training and practice and without running the almost certain risk of breaking a limb in due course? Must one abandon all respect for life and limb?

Such an intense and serious attitude towards the sport—an attitude which might be described as ski-ing totalitarianism, has been increasingly evident during the last two years. I do not think that ski-ing totalitarianism is a specifically Italian thing, but believe it to be common to most countries to-day competing in international ski races.

The Italians, it is true, take longer risks ski-racing than the competitors of other countries, but they are also intensely brave motor-racing, and I think that their temperament makes them naturally indifferent to risks connected with speed. But their tense and serious outlook on the sport is shared by many other countries. Not only Italian but also German and French ski-ers are trained for several weeks at public expense; this, however, does not rob them of their amateur status, and they are still eligible to compete in the Olympic Games. The British, Swiss and Austrians, among whom downhill racing originated, have no such public funds at their disposal, and the members of their teams have therefore to be individually responsible for the greater part of their training. This means that the best Swiss and Austrian racers turn professional, give lessons throughout the day, and train in their spare time; they thereby lose their amateur status and are excluded from the Olympic Games. The Swiss and Austrians are, however, allowed to compete in the World's Ski Championships, which admits ski teachers and only excludes those who have accepted money prizes. Till 1936 the Swiss and Austrians, though they were only able to train in their spare time, always produced the World's Ski-running Champions. Last year the best Swiss was third, and the best Austrian seventh.

Otto Furrer, greatest of Swiss racers and World Champion in 1932, recently remarked to me that till the best Swiss and Austrians could be trained at public expense, they would have no hope of beating the Italians, French and Germans, and of winning another World Championship. We therefore have the paradoxical situation that the best professionals

(Concluded on page N)

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All information through: Official Inquiry Office, Wengen.

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Information: Official Inquiry Office, Mürren, (Switzerland).

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• "BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

Nor Life Nor Limb *(Continued from page L)*

cannot hope to compete successfully in the World Championships till sufficient money can be found to enable them to turn amateur.

BUT it is not only the fact that ski-ers are trained at public expense which has caused the seriousness and tension of modern international events; there is also the ever-increasing interest taken in sport by political leaders, and the tendency to regard sporting skill as a proof of national prestige.

Telegrams from political leaders to their national competitors the night before a race do much to heighten the already existing tension. The night before a recent World Championship, I was talking to a German girl, a member of their team. "If there is a snow-storm to-morrow," I asked her, "are you going to risk your neck by taking the steep slopes without checking?" "Of course," she replied, and added by way of explanation, "We have all had a telegram from the Führer." To understand this frame of mind in modern international sport, the Englishman must first of all imagine himself receiving a telegram the night before the race from Earl Baldwin or Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and secondly (even more difficult), he must try to imagine himself being wildly excited by it.

But it must not be imagined that the Rightists have the field to themselves in the politicisation of sport. The Leftists did their best to prevent people competing in the 1936 Olympic Games in Germany on purely political grounds, and they organised their own Games; at these, of course, one waved one's fist instead of one's arm.

DOWNHILL ski-racing is a very modern sport, and it is strange to compare this tense atmosphere at international races with the cheerful carelessness of ten years ago. In those days the officials played nearly as large a part in the result as competitors. I remember a team race in which one country, Ruritania, we will call it, won very easily: the starter had been a Ruritanian, and had started his fellow countrymen long before the other competitors were ready. And nobody minded very much. To-day, international races are started by one man with a telephone and a stop-watch, a second who looks after the electric timing and a third who sees that the competitors don't cheat.

Ten years ago the finish was often treated in an even more cavalier manner than the start; the men carrying the finishing flags used often to climb up to the start of the race with the competitors, and then start down the course about ten minutes ahead of them. Any outstandingly good competitor would almost inevitably pass them before they reached the bottom. This happened to Christopher Mackintosh in one of his first races; he reached the valley in a dense fog, having passed the men with the finishing posts about half-way down the course. Christopher glanced round wildly for something to substitute as a finishing post and thus mark his victory; there was not a stick, not a branch, to be seen. Suddenly Christopher saw a figure looming through the fog, a bearded cowherd. "Stand still," Christopher roared, "you 're a finishing post!"

BUT the popularity of ski-ing has grown with amazing speed during the last ten years, and the tenseness and seriousness of international meetings has inevitably grown with it. The first World Downhill Championships were held at Mürren in 1931; there were about 100 spectators. At the 1936 Olympic Games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen there were 60,000.

It would be only natural if this strained atmosphere at international meetings led to quarrels between the competitors. This, however, is seldom the case, for the common sense of the racers asserts itself; something tells them that, after all, the relative merits of different countries or political systems cannot be judged by the speed at which individuals slide downhill on pieces of wood. There was a particularly pleasing incident at Chamonix this year. During the official march, the French team suddenly broke ranks and rushed upon the Germans. They seized Christel Cranz, the German girl wonder, and, to the cheers of the populace, carried her on their shoulders through the town.

IT is common to moralise over the seriousness of international meetings, and to point out how alien such seriousness is to the true spirit of sport. But those who wish to ski "for the fun of the thing" have ample opportunity to do so, and they should not then be peeved if they are beaten in international events by those who train with the grim seriousness of the Italians, French and Germans.

To pay excessive honours to sporting victors may show a certain lack of proportion, but it is a failing which can be traced back to the earliest times. There is an echo of it in Thucydides' history of the Peloponnesian War. He is describing the visit of the great Spartan general Brasidas to Scione, whither he had come to bring aid and encouragement to the inhabitants in their revolt against Athenian domination. The inhabitants of Scione naturally received Brasidas with the wildest possible enthusiasm. "Indeed," said Thucydides, in complete seriousness, "one might have imagined that he was a victor at the Games."

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- **CENTRAL SWITZERLAND**—Very accessible. ENGELBERG 3450 ft., ANDERMATT 4740 ft., RIGI 4700 ft.
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INFORMATION: Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau, 11-B Regent St., S.W.1, Railway Continental Enquiry Offices & Travel Agents.

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• "BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION *(Continued from page K)*

The host of other resorts, all with charming, clean hotels, dance bands, ski school, funiculars, and gaily-dressed people, should be considered individually. ST. ANTON, for instance, has a new funicular up to the Galzig, and this will never be overcrowded as it has only a smallish village to serve. The ski school is world-famous, and although impatient pupils may get a little bored and wish to rush things more, the school never fails to fulfil its object to teach you to ski.

GARMISCH must not be forgotten, either. It was the centre chosen for the Olympic Games in 1936, and last year enjoyed better snow conditions than most of Europe. It has the advantage of cheap registered marks, is easily approached by car, and is in the centre of the lovely Bavarian Highlands. Garmisch is a greater change than most centres.

SESTRIÈRE, built for ski-ing, planned by a ski-runner of great vision and judgment—the late Mr. Eduardo Agnelli—for its purpose is perfect. More downhill running is possible in the day without effort, than is the case anywhere else in the world. It is high up and has very long days. It also gets the first snow from the condensing Mediterranean clouds. Its drawback to some people is the lack of a village, but as a pure winter sports centre with its three funiculars, economic and original hotels, it is, of course, outstanding. Lire, moreover, are also cheap.

From Klosters you can "do the Parsenn"

FINAL advice must be: first make up your mind what type of centre you want and then get details from the books published free by the leading agents. Bear in mind that both funiculars and dress required make a big difference to the cost of a holiday, and that in centres where no dress is required and where there is no funicular, the very finest sport can be enjoyed. When the mountains are glowing in the sunlight and you are reaching to the top of a 4000-feet run and about to enjoy your gruyère and orange lunch, you will know, as you look over the outstretched country in the crystal clear air, that you have got something which is beyond price—and yours for the taking.

TWO last points: don't forget that if you have been out before, to Klosters, Arosa, or Kitzbühl, your old friends there will give you a hearty welcome and you know the ropes; and secondly, don't do too much the first few days, or it may "flatten" you for the rest of your holiday. *Ski heil!*

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three times British ski-running champion will be in daily attendance in the Snow Sports Department until the middle of December to give advice.

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Above the Snow Line

What to Wear for Winter Sports

SKI-ING, like skating, is largely a question of balance, and it is too much to expect anyone to "find their skis" first day out. There is no excuse, however, for faulty equipment, as Mr. W. R. Bracken, the well-known British ski-running champion, is once again in daily attendance at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, to give expert advice on winter sports in general. A special, illustrated catalogue has also been compiled and will gladly be sent free to all who write for it. Opinions differ as to which is the best and most practical equipment. Some people prefer a workmanlike suit in proofed gaberdine or suiting, with trousers and a close-fitting double-breasted jacket, while others favour plus-fours and a wind-jacket or storm-blouse. Five and a half guineas is the cost of a suit, while plus-fours in black or navy gaberdine are 39s. 6d. A practical wind-jacket in proofed material, with a sliding fastener and lacing at the sides, costs thirty-five shillings at the Army and Navy Stores, which is also the price of the model worn by the ski-er on the right, in proofed poplin with a contrasting hood and coloured lacing. The trousers which complete the outfit are in proofed serge cut with the new tight ankle or peg-top effect.

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WHERE colours are concerned, many people prefer dark shades such as black, navy and bottle green, relieved with bright accessories. The main idea is to get as much contrast as possible, and off-white with touches of red or navy blue is another effective combination. Alternatively, dark trousers may be worn with coloured coats, either plain or worked with Tyrolean embroidery. Neatly tailored shirts in checked Viyella are ideal for wearing under a wind-jacket or with a house-coat and slacks in the hotel. They cost 25s. 9d. at the Army and Navy Stores, who also have plain wool blouses for a guinea. A knitted sweater in cable stitch with a polo collar may be worn over a shirt instead of a wind-jacket, and costs 17s. 6d. in all the newest shades. When choosing headgear, it is important to remember that the sun beating down on the snow makes a strong glare, so a shade or dark glasses are essential. Many people prefer the latter and wear a simple wool headband with ear protectors, costing 1/6, or a "pixie" bonnet, in knitted wool for 5/11.

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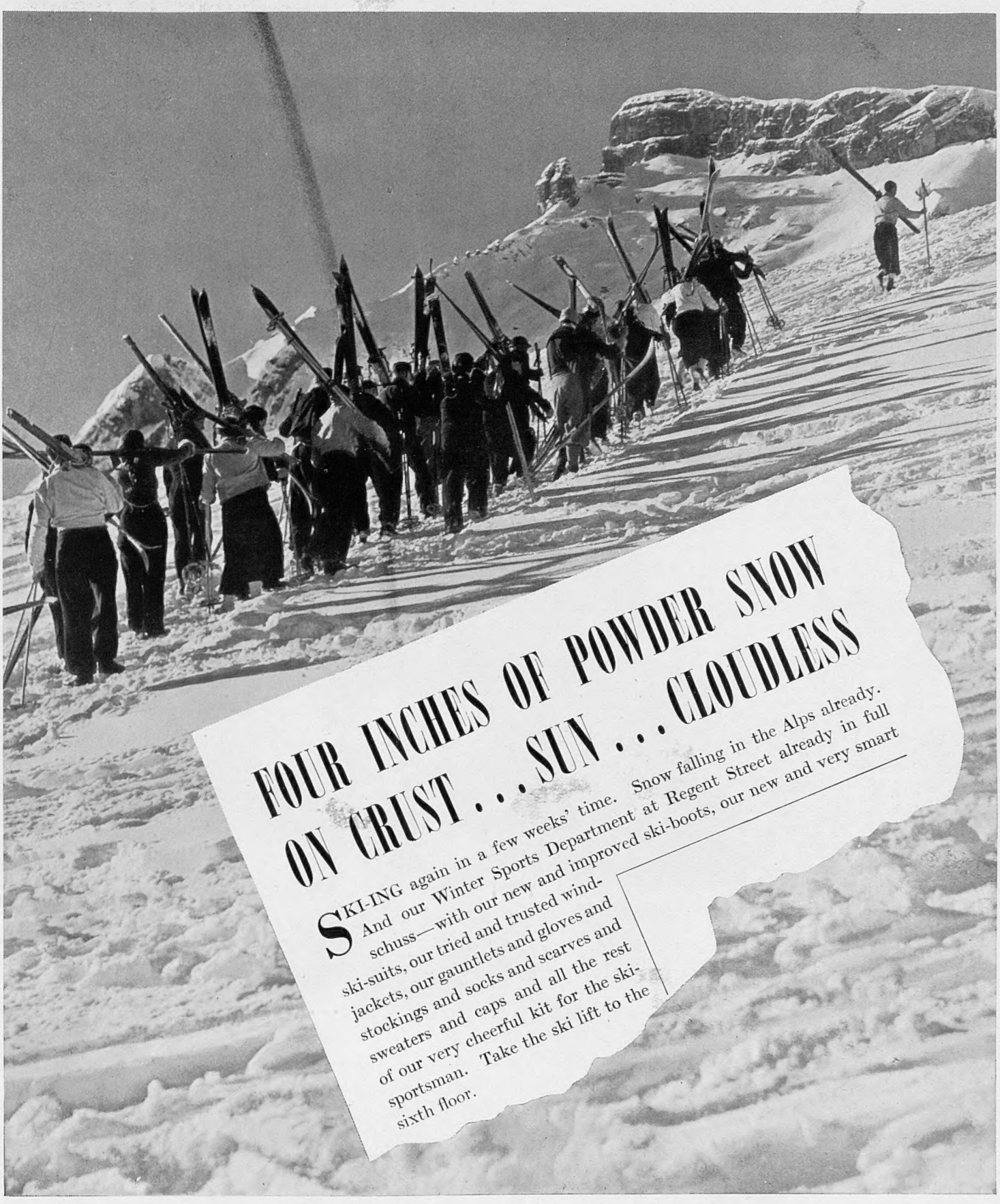

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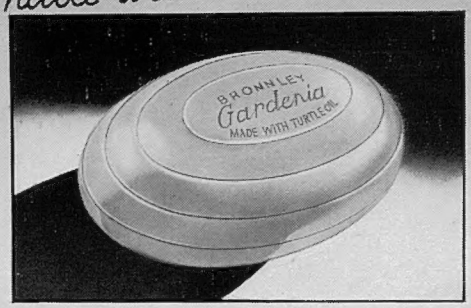

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